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USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

**SAM CRESCENT**





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Published by **EVERNIGHT PUBLISHING** ® at Smashwords

[www.evernightpublishing.com](http://www.evernightpublishing.com)

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ISBN: 978-0-3695-0100-4

Cover Artist: Jay Aheer

Editor: Karyn White

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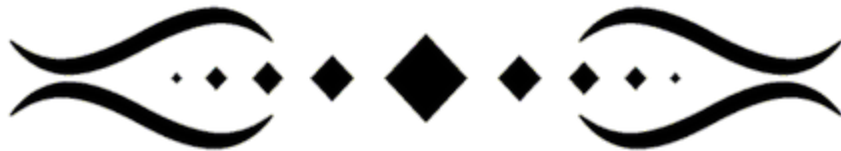
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# WANTED BY HER TWO MC MEN

*Curvy Women Wanted, 19*

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## Chapter One

Amy Baker rushed around her shop, offering delightful baked goods to anyone who passed. She loved doing this charity event. Not only did it help raise money for children but it also put her on the map. She didn't want to use anyone to help her expand, but in business, she had to grab every single opportunity presented to her.

She loved being a baker. Sweet Treats was her baby that she'd granted herself after her divorce five years ago. All of her love and passion she'd pushed into her business in order to expand and constantly grow in a market that was only interested in the latest fad diets, and everything was online. She loved baking and cooking for others, and seeing as she was good at it, as she'd been told so by many people, she'd decided to invest in herself for a change.

Now after five years, being at a festival was one of the many highlights of the year for her. It was where she got to advertise herself to the market, and smile a great deal. She loved it. The MC festival was not her scene, and unlike all of the other markets, she stuck out like a sore thumb. Her pink mixed in with all the ... metal, bikes, motor oil, and food trucks. She was like cotton candy in hell or something like that.

She'd been sent the invitation by two MC Prez's. At first, she'd talked herself out of coming, then back in, then out. She didn't mingle with MCs. She knew there were several around, and she lived in the center of town, where on the outsides, there were two main MCs, and all three towns came together to host the annual biking festival. It helped to bring tourism.

Handing out the cookies, she offered a smile. Some of the kids held onto the table, staring at the yummy goodies on display, and, seeing their wonder, she couldn't help but hand them a treat without payment.

She loved kids.

She didn't have any of her own though. Her ex-husband hated kids and refused to have any with her. Their breakup wasn't a curse; she'd welcomed it. They hadn't been compatible, and by the end of their relationship, she'd not liked him, not even a little bit. He'd also had a great deal of criticism for her as well.

They had both moved on. He lived in the city, and she lived in the small town, with her own business.

"That's no way to earn money," Killian said, coming to stand beside her.

She touched her chest, letting out a yelp. "You scared me. I didn't even see you."

"It's because you're spending too much time giving kids free stuff."

"They deserve it. They're kids."

Killian was one of the men who'd invited her stall to the event. He was also president of the Devils MC. She believed it was called that, but again, she didn't keep up with MCs. Her life had become all about her work.

With a hand on her hip, she offered him a smile. "What would you like?"

"What is good?"

Killian was a cookie man. Looking over her selection, which was dwindling fast, she picked his favorite, chocolate chip, but it was a classic.

She watched as he took a bite. His eyes closed, and he moaned. "As always, delicious."

"You don't get to hog the best woman in town," Diego said.

To her right, she turned, and there was Diego, president of the Rogues MC, and the other man who'd invited her.

"Someone has to stop her from giving food to all the kids for free," Killian said.

"Would you like a muffin?" she asked.

Killian was all for the cookies, while Diego loved his muffins. Both men were ... wow. On a scale of hotness, she had no idea ink could be so sexy, or MC jackets, or motorbikes.

It took great restraint not to fan herself. Both men were sex on legs. In fact, sexy couldn't even begin to describe each man. But it didn't matter how hot they were. She couldn't be with them.

She was single—but there was no way to choose between either man.

Both had asked her out, and she had turned down both. They had started coming into her shop a year ago. At first, it was once every couple of weeks, but then it had gone to once a week. Now she saw them both

multiple times a week, and she took food orders to deliver to each clubhouse.

They were making it hard for her to want to move on.

She hadn't been with a man since her husband, and well, she wasn't a cheater. There was no way she'd date two men.

"You know me, sweetheart. I will always have a muffin from you."

His favorite was the double chocolate muffins, and she handed him one with a smile.

"I hope you enjoy it."

"There's no doubt I will," Diego said, with a wink.

It was hard to ignore both men. One on her left, the other on her right. It made her think of all kinds of crazy things, sexual ones.

She liked reading erotic books, and in those pages, being with two men was not something to be viewed as bad. But this was the real world, not make-believe. Two men wanting her was insane, but they *had* both asked her out.

*It doesn't matter, Amy. You're not going to have a three-way with two men. Especially not two men who are presidents of two MCs. Not going to happen.*

Stepping up to her counter, she saw she had a sudden crowd of people, all wanting something sweet, and she needed to take her mind off of the men, who hadn't left. One glance over her shoulder and she saw them both glaring at each other.

They'd not come to blows yet, and she hoped they didn't any time soon. She hated violence in all forms and did everything to avoid it.

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Killian watched as Amy continued to sell and offer for free her baked goods. She was one of the nicest women he'd ever met, and so fucking sexy. Just watching her gave him a hard-on, and he was fifty years old. He'd experienced his share of women, and none of them made him feel this way.

She'd turned him down for several dates, so he'd stopped asking. He didn't like the way Diego was watching her either. That son of a bitch shouldn't be sniffing around her.

Leaving her baking tent, he waited for his opponent to step outside.

The moment he did, he stepped right up to Diego.

"You need to leave Amy alone," he said. He was determined to have Amy in his bed, in his life. He knew a keeper when he saw one, and he couldn't believe her husband hadn't held onto her. Amy was a woman you never allowed to leave your company unsatisfied. He wondered if her ex even knew how to pleasure her properly.

"No, *you* need to leave her alone. Amy's mine."

"I staked a claim on her," Killian said.

"So have I!"

Killian paused. "She turn you down?"

"What's it to you?"

"It's not anything to me. Call it curiosity." He didn't know if the other man had been shot down just as fast as he had.

Diego ran fingers through his hair, clearly looking uncomfortable.

"I asked her out," Killian said.

Diego looked at him. "You did?"

"I did, and she turned me down flat. I take it from your lack of touching her and the fact there are no rumors about you two being together, you've had about as much success as I've had."

"She told me no."

Killian nodded. "Well, then she doesn't want either of us." He didn't believe that for a second. He knew women. Lots of them. Amy when she looked at them, she wanted them. He saw the interest, the curiosity.

"Unless she does," Diego said.

"What do you mean?"

"For an old guy, you know nothing."

"I've got five years on you," Killian said. He wouldn't have a problem with wiping the floor with this piece of shit and showing him how a real man rolled.

"Yeah, and it clearly doesn't show in your head, does it? What if she likes us both?"

"I know she does."

"And she doesn't want to pick between us," Diego said. "Maybe we can settle this between men."

"You want to fight for her?"

"I'm willing to fight for what I want, but are you? You know the time and place. Fight me for her. You want to win Amy, come and prove it to me."

You can have her if you win.”

Killian folded his arms, watching his opponent. He and Diego had a truce between their clubs. They lived quite close together and so long as they never tried to claim this town’s turf, they were able to live in peace. There was no way he’d risk his club’s safety.

The town was neutral territory.

“No clubs can be present,” Killian said. “I’m not willing to have a war start out and hurting people.”

“This isn’t club business. This is personal. Between you and me, and the woman of my dreams.”

“You’re not going to win her.”

“Oh, I think I will.”

“Confidence will be your undoing,” Killian said.

“Are you trying to get philosophical on me?”

“I’m surprised you even know what the word means.”

“Fuck you. Tonight, nine o’clock, you know where I’ll be.” Diego walked away, and Killian didn’t leave, watching him go.

He never turned his back on an enemy club.

Walking back toward Amy, he watched her serve some kids her delicious treats. He admired her curves. The apron didn’t hide a damn thing, and he was thankful for the piece of material pushed against her body. Nice full hips, a rounded ass. He loved asses, and Amy, well, he’d thought of many things to do with her curvy goodness. Of course, that wasn’t limited to *just* her ass. No, he loved her tits as well. They were more than a handful, and he couldn’t wait to see them above him, bouncing up and down as he fucked her hard.

Amy had a body to be worshipped. He’d be the man for the job, for sure.

As he watched her, he couldn’t help but wonder ... something.

During his time of trying to get her to go on a date, he’d swung by her house to help out where she needed something fixed.

He didn’t know why he was thinking about it now, but he’d seen her book collection, and he’d noticed his woman’s tastes—and he did see her as his. He’d already claimed her as far as he was concerned. It was only a matter of time before she belonged to him.

She was interested in him, but she was also interested in Diego.

She didn't want to choose between the two of them.

The books she read, he'd noticed the ménages. She'd been grabbing them both a cup of tea when he flicked through the pages. The moment she entered she'd been so embarrassed and had taken the book from him, sliding it back into place on her bookshelf.

*"My husband always said I had horrible taste in books. Don't think about what you saw."*

Now he couldn't help but think of the possibilities.

Watching Amy, imagining her in his arms, but also in Diego's. He'd never been the sharing kind before, but to be with Amy, he'd be more than willing to compromise. The town didn't belong to any club, and this was personal.

Was there a chance Diego would be willing to see his view of things? Neither of them could truly have Amy, unless they were willing to work together to claim her. Amy looked up at him and gave him a little wave. Her cheeks flushed, and he wanted her.

This need to have her wasn't going away or disappearing.

It was only getting stronger.

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None of his club needed to see him fighting for a woman, one woman. Diego's men, they wouldn't understand his need to have Amy. There were plenty of willing women within the club who'd spread their legs for him, but it wasn't club women he wanted.

No, it was Amy.

From the moment he'd heard her laugh, watching her work, and been in her company, she'd been in his thoughts, and it wasn't disappearing, not any time soon. He wanted her, craved her, and thought about her constantly.

Her husband had been a total asshole to her, but it didn't matter now. He never brought up her ex, and she wasn't pining for him either.

They'd both moved on, and now was Diego's chance to finally win Amy for himself.

When he'd asked her on a date, she'd looked a little gutted.

*"I'm so sorry, Diego. You're a great guy ... no."*

She hadn't been able to look him in the eye, but he knew she wanted to. He'd figured her ex was what was holding her back, but now he had to

wonder if it was Killian all along. She didn't want to pick between the two of them. Well, he'd be more than happy to take the decision from her hands.

This was personal, so any injury to Killian wouldn't be his fault. Well, it would, but none of the clubs could do anything about it. Running fingers through his hair, he waited, wanting this over and done with so he could go and have his woman.

"You're early," Killian said.

"And you're late. Let's get this over with." He wasn't wearing his leather cut. Part of the town rules; no MC patch could be claimed here.

Killian also wasn't wearing his cut. They were both without a club tonight.

"It would be easy to come to blows, but I've got a proposition for you."

"Unless it's to tell me you won't get in my way, then put your fists up. I'm fighting you."

Killian smirked. "How about we talk?"

"You want to talk? Old age making you cranky?"

"How do you feel about sharing Amy? I may as well get this shit out there, seeing as you're too fucking dumb to realize I'm trying to talk to you about serious stuff."

Diego frowned. "Sharing?"

"Like she belongs to both of us."

"I don't share shit."

"Neither do I, but I know a little more about Amy."

"You know bullshit."

Killian laughed. "What if I was to tell you that our woman has a very extensive collection of ménage books?"

"You're talking about those dirty books on her shelves?" Diego had clocked them when he went to offer to mow her lawn. She'd already done it, but he'd stuck around, seeing them on her bookshelf along with several cookbooks. He hadn't really thought about her book collection.

"The one and only."

Diego folded his arms. "You want to share her like they do in the books?"

"You've read one?"

"Yeah, flipped through, took it home, had a read, put it back when I went back to see her. Why?" He hadn't meant to say anything. His curiosity had a lot to answer for.

"Because we both want the same thing. If you're willing to meet me halfway, I think we can solve our problem with Amy, and we can both share her."

Diego stared at Killian, wanting to shut him down.

He didn't share, period.

But...

It was Amy.

She'd told him no, but what if there was a chance, a slight chance, she'd be willing to be with the two of them?

He didn't want to turn away an opportunity for her to say yes.

"I'm listening."

"I've seen the way she looks at the both of us, and I truly believe the only reason she doesn't accept us is because she can't pick."

"I could make the decision easier for her."

"Tell me it doesn't intrigue you about the prospect of seeing her in my arms. Of watching as I touch her. Seeing her come apart as I stroke her pussy."

Diego didn't say a word. Right at that moment, he wasn't exactly thrilled at the idea of anyone else touching her.

"I'm not beating the shit out of you, so you've got my attention. Now thrill me."

"You're not going to want to hurt me. The only way either of us will ever be able to have Amy in our bed is if we're willing to share."

"You don't even know this for sure. You're assuming she wants what she reads."

"Why not? It's the ultimate fantasy. None of our clubs will be involved. This is between you, me, and Amy. The three of us."

"You really think she'll be willing for us to share her? Like, totally serious."

"Yes."

"I don't buy it."

"You don't have to buy it. You only have to see it's the truth. If it doesn't work and she shoot us both down, then we don't tell anyone what

we're willing to do to win her back," Killian said. "No one has to know."

Diego stared at his opponent.

He'd been wanting Amy for some time.

If this was his only choice, he was willing to take it.

"Ground rules," Diego said.

"You want to talk about rules?"

"Yes. If Amy says yes—and it's a big if, just because someone likes to read stuff doesn't mean it's going to work—if she says yes, then we have to both be with her at all times, unless she demands it otherwise. We make it clear from the start we're willing to go all the way with her. I'm not backing down. Amy will belong to me."

"She's mine as well," Killian said. "I want her by my side, in my bed."

"Then we do this together as a team, or not at all. No one can have her unless she wants to split her time."

"Agreed."

It looked like he was about to share his woman with his enemy.

## Chapter Two

Amy poured herself a nice cup of coffee. The scent filled her kitchen, and she closed her eyes, breathing it in. After the MC event, she was a little tired and so had decided to close her shop for the weekend, to recuperate. She had learned from past experience to never overexert herself.

She needed to take breaks in order to be the best damn baker this town had ever seen, but to also rest so she didn't prolong the closure of the shop any longer than necessary. Sipping at her tea, she opened up a cookbook. She intended to spend the entire day cooking. She loved to fill her freezer with homemade dishes so she never had to order takeout, but a home-cooked meal was an oven cook away.

As she glanced through the pages, her stomach began to growl, and she thought about making herself some breakfast waffles. They'd be nice.

Her doorbell rang, interrupting her as she started to get the ingredients to make herself a nice snack.

She was surprised to see both Diego and Killian on her doorstep.

"Is everything okay?" she asked, looking at both men.

"Perfect," Diego said. He winked at her, and she felt an answering pull in her body.

Both of these men featured in every single erotic dream she ever had. It wasn't hard for her to imagine herself, Diego, and Killian in place of the heroes and heroine in the books she loved so much.

"Would you like to come in?" she asked.

It was a big mistake to invite them in. She shouldn't do it. At different times she'd had both men in her home but never together. They were a powerful concoction together.

"I'm making some waffles," she said, stepping away from the door. She needed to put some distance between herself and the two men.

She offered them a smile as she measured out the flour. Killian and Diego looked so good in her kitchen, if only they weren't wearing any clothes.

*Enough, Amy.*

*Stop being so dirty.*

She was used to being in an unsatisfying relationship. If it wasn't for her books, she'd truly believe women were destined to loveless marriages, and having boring sex where they achieved no orgasm.

"What brings you here, and would you like some waffles?" She had to keep talking.

"I'll take some of your waffles, darlin'," Killian said.

He took a seat at her kitchen counter. He'd removed his jacket, not his MC cut, not that it mattered. His large, muscular, ink-covered arms were on full display, and she couldn't help herself but imagine them wrapped around her, holding her.

Diego pulled her attention as he sat down. He'd also removed his shirt. Again, more large muscles, more ink, but different from Killian's.

Both men thrilled her.

What would it be like to be the filling in their sandwich?

*Dirty mind alert.*

*Get back in the game. Don't start thinking dirty stuff. It's not your place to.*

"So, why are you here?"

"We wanted to talk to you, sweetheart," Diego said.

"What about? Is this for me catering for an event? If it's any work business you can swing by my shop and we can talk business."

"It's not about business." Killian reached out, putting his hand on top of hers. The instant he touched her, she felt this spark between them. It was strong, and she nibbled on her lip. Temptation was staring her in the face from both Killian and Diego.

They were a lot easier to deal with when there was only one of them. Two of them together and her body was going into overdrive.

She was already wet, and neither of them had said anything suggestive. She really needed to stop reading her books. They were turning her into a sex maniac. Not quite the maniac. To be one, she'd first have to be having sex. She hadn't been with a man since her husband, and he'd stopped sleeping with her before the divorce.

Pushing her needs to one side, she looked at Killian. "What's it about then? Was it the event? Did I mess up? Someone hated my food, didn't they?"

"We both want you," Diego said.

“Diego!”

“What?”

“Look, this could go ’round and ’round. She’s clearly nervous, and to be frank, I want to move this along before I die of old age.” Diego glared at Killian. The two seemed to be having a little glare-off at each other.

She looked from one to the other, then back again. “I’m confused.”

“Don’t be,” Killian said. “Diego’s telling the truth.”

“What truth?”

“You know your sexy books?” Diego asked.

Killian cursed.

Her cheeks heated.

“Yes.”

“Well, how about you, me, and Killian act out a few?”

“What my mindless fuck of a friend is trying to say—”

“I’m not your friend.”

“We both know why you’ve been turning us down. We see your interest in both of us, and we’ve come up with a solution where you don’t have to turn us down.”

“It seems you both have the answer.”

“We’re not trying to sound conceited or nothing. We know what it is you want, and we’re willing to give it to you. The three of us, together, in a relationship.”

“You don’t think I turned you both down because I didn’t want to date either of you?” she asked.

“Did you?” Diego asked.

Why did he have to ask her that kind of question? This wasn’t fair!

“Erm, I ... erm...” Words failed her.

Killian took her hand, drawing it up to his lips. “You don’t have to pick and choose between the two of us. This is what we’re saying. You can have it all. If you want us both, you can have us. No questions asked.”

This was not what she expected for her Saturday morning.

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Amy hadn’t shouted them out, or threatened to call the cops. Killian considered her response a win. She looked a little nervous, but what woman wouldn’t when given the option of dating both of them?

Killian didn't want to share her, but he also liked the idea of Amy getting what she wanted. She worked hard all the time, and he doubted her ex ever gave her what she wanted.

"I, erm, this is really sudden."

"Tell me about it," Diego said. "Do you want both of us or not?"

"Diego!"

"Look, I'm a guy who is used to calling it like I see it," Diego said. "I'm not trying to make you uncomfortable, baby. Honestly, I'm not. Killian and I, we both want you. It's as simple as that. We know the kinds of books you read, and we've both been turned down flat by you. We're trying to find hope and a way to make sure we all get what we want."

"And you want to share me?" Amy asked.

"Yes. Like in your books. Both of us at the same time. Unless you say there's one of us you want more than the other."

"You're not even going to consider the fact I may not want either of you?" she asked.

Killian went to open his mouth, but Diego got there first.

"Not possible. We see the way you look at us."

"This was my idea," Killian said, interjecting so he didn't get lost.

"Yeah, yeah, it's his idea."

"Because I noticed the way she looked at us."

Diego rolled his eyes. "And if we left all of this up to you, we'd still be wondering if we wanted waffles or not. You got some syrup? I love mine sweet."

"Wow, this is all wow," she said.

"You can say no."

"I know," she said. "I'm sorry." She put her hands on her face, and Killian got to his feet, rounding the counter and pulling her into his arms. "This is so embarrassing. I didn't want either of you to see those books."

"They're sexy," Diego said, joining him.

Pushing some of her blonde locks out of the way, Killian stroked her red cheek. "Even though he's not being ... tactful about it."

"Fuck tact."

"Diego's right."

"Sure as fuck am."

He was getting tired of being interrupted by the bastard. "We're giving you both of us. You don't have to make a choice."

"Unless you really want to."

"You, me, Diego, no judgment. We're willing to come to you. We both want you, and this is going to work for all three of us if you want it to."

"I don't know what to say."

"I know how to resolve this," Diego said.

Before Killian could stop him, the other man had grasped Amy, pulled her close, and claimed her lips. Diego sank his fingers into her hair, and Killian watched as he kissed her. It wasn't gentle but hard, ravishing. Diego's tongue traced across her lips, and she let out a moan as he plundered inside.

Diego gripped her ass cheek, drawing her closer to him, and Killian pulled her away, breaking the kiss, and claiming her lips for his own.

He didn't hold back, pressing her against the counter so she felt the hard ridge of his cock against her stomach. He'd been wanting her for a long time, and soon, he'd have her. Now was just a taste, a little tease for her to see what she could have, and he was more than willing to give it to her, if she was only willing to take it.

When he broke from the kiss, her lips were nice and swollen, exactly how a properly kissed woman should look.

"You can have that, and more," Diego said.

She opened her eyes, and there was no denying how turned on she was.

"This is so unexpected."

"Hopefully a nice little surprise for you," Killian said.

"I don't know what to say."

"Diego and I will leave you. You've got our numbers. Call us when you have an answer."

"Wait, does this mean you're working together?"

"Only when it comes to you. When we're here, this is personal. Our clubs won't cause a fight or break out war in the town."

"Oh."

"We've got a handle on our men," Diego said. "We wouldn't break the truce with each other for a fuck. You mean more to us than that."

“Okay. To be clear, you’d be willing to be with me, together?”

“You got it, sweetheart,” Killian said. “Anything you want, we will give you. We’ll leave you alone.”

He grabbed Diego around the neck and marched him out of the house. His enemy growled at him, but he wasn’t interested.

“What the fuck was that?” Diego pushed him away.

“You’re being a dick.”

“She had to have a taste of what we were offering.”

“And you need to know when to step away so she’ll want more. I don’t know what she sees in you.”

“Yeah, well, I don’t know what she fucking sees in you.”

They walked away from her house.

“What do you think she’ll decide?” Diego asked, being the first one to speak.

Killian looked back at her house and shook his head. “I don’t know.” How it went down wasn’t how he imagined. He’d hoped to have breakfast, take his time, draw her in, but Diego had as much tact as an elephant in a china shop.

“This was your idea.”

“I didn’t imagine your mouth ruining the moment. Next time, you keep your mouth shut.”

“Amy’s never had a problem with my mouth, and I can tell she liked my kiss just fine, thank you.”

“Do you want me to ram my fist into this fucking mouth?” Killian asked.

“Go ahead, I’d gladly wipe the floor with you. Amy and I will mourn you, but I’ll keep her company in my bed, I can promise you that.”

“I wouldn’t give you the satisfaction, you piece of shit.”

“Love you too.” Diego winked at him. “Talk to you soon.”

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Diego was going over the paperwork for the latest figures within the club when his cell phone rang. At first, he ignored it. Business had to come first, and he was the only one within the club that seemed to understand numbers. He liked to keep an eye on the money. In the past he had to deal with a club brother stealing, and well, he didn’t like thieves or rats and he took care of them accordingly.

When his cell phone rang a second time within seconds of the first, he had no choice but to pick it up.

He saw Killian's number flash across the screen.

"What?" he asked, picking up.

"Did you just get a call from Amy? She said you weren't answering."

"Fuck! I was working. She called. And she called me first."

"Don't get smart. She wants us to meet her, at her house. Be there or I'm taking her for my own." Killian hung up, which pissed Diego off.

Clicking on the calls, he saw Amy had called him, and now he was pissed he'd missed her.

He didn't waste time calling her back. Putting the figures to one side, he locked them in his desk before heading out. He locked his office door as well. It was a force of habit. He was club president, and he was the one in charge of making all the necessary decisions.

Over the years he'd dealt with a few traitors within his club, and since then, he never left his office door open for anyone to go snooping around.

Climbing onto his bike, he took off out of the clubhouse. If any of his men needed him, he was a phone call away. When he got to the town line, he stopped, removed his cut, and put it in the side pocket of his bike. This was the only respect he showed the town and his alliance with Killian's club. They were both on either side of the town, and this was unclaimed turf.

No one wanted a war on their doorstep. So far, it had worked for the both of them not to take this land, but at the first sign of one of them doing that, all truce would be over.

Killian's bike was already there when he arrived, and Diego was pissed for ignoring his cell phone.

She'd taken all day to get back to them.

Climbing off his bike, Diego walked up the small driveway and knocked.

Killian opened the door.

"Why the fuck are *you* answering? Amy?" He yelled her name, and within seconds she was there.

"Hey, is everything okay?" she asked.

"Perfect."

She wore a nice pair of jeans that molded to her curves, and a loose shirt. It did nothing to hide those generous tits, and having felt them against his body earlier, he wanted another taste.

"I made dinner. I hope you're hungry."

"I'm hungry for you any day," Diego said.

Killian cursed, and he showed him the finger, pushing him out of the way, to follow her ass into her dining room.

Her house was nice. It was only a two-bedroom, but it screamed Amy. Lovely cream walls, no clutter.

She loved to be surrounded by books, and each room had a bookshelf of some kind. He knew because he'd helped build a couple of them.

"I made lasagna. I hope you like it."

"I will," Diego said.

Her table was small, only designed to fit four people. She'd put a place setting at each head of the table, with one at the side.

She went to the side of the table and dished them each out a slice of lasagna.

"This smells incredible," he said, taking a seat.

"I remember you both loving this the last time you were here, and I wanted you both to be comfortable."

"You've thought about our proposition?" Killian asked.

Diego didn't care about the food. Well, he did, but he was more interested in her answer.

"I have."

"And?"

"And ... can we eat first?"

"You don't have to be embarrassed," Diego said. "You can tell us anything. We've got to be honest with each other. For instance, I think Killian's got a fucking ugly face. I don't know what you see in him. And, between us, he is the one with the tiny dick."

"Fuck you."

Amy laughed. "Do you really mean what you said? About sharing me? You both don't seem to like each other."

"I love the ugly bastard," Diego said.

"We meant what we said. This is just our shit," Killian said. "It's how we deal with what's going on."

“Exactly, you’re dealing with each other, but is this real?” She looked between the two of them, nibbling her lip. “I don’t want to cause a problem. If you two started to fight, everyone in town would hate me. I don’t want that. I also don’t want to be responsible for the two of you ending your truce.”

Diego watched her. “You won’t. This is how we are. We can play nice.”

“Yes, we can. It’s why we’ve never fought for this turf. We never will,” Killian said.

She finished serving the lasagna.

Diego’s mouth was watering, but he also wanted to know her answer.

“Yes,” she said.

No one spoke. Silence fell in the room.

“What was that?” Killian asked.

“If you were both serious this morning about us all ... being together I’d like to give it a try. I don’t know if I’d be any good in the bedroom.”

Diego smiled. This was exactly what he wanted.

“Wait, hold up. What makes you think you won’t be any good in the bedroom?” Killian asked.

“Who gives a fuck? She wants us, Killian. Stop trying to analyze shit!”

“I want to know.”

“It’s nothing.”

“It’s something, and I don’t want you hiding stuff from us. Honesty. We all have to be honest with each other,” Killian said.

## Chapter Three

Amy knew she was crazy to think this could work between them. They were two sexy MC presidents. She'd seen the women who flocked to them. They commanded respect, and they were given it. Of course, she'd always been a little jealous of the women who hung around the club. Especially the ones who tried to get close to both Diego and Killian. They had two different clubs, and she had no right to be jealous of either one.

"I don't care what you think, Diego. I want to know the truth," Killian said. "What did you mean?"

Now she wished she'd kept her mouth shut.

"It's really nothing. Honestly. There's no reason for us to keep talking about this."

"I agree with Killian. You won't hear me say that more than once, trust me. He's got a point. What did you mean?"

She ran fingers through her hair, the lasagna in front of her all but forgotten. Was there any point in hiding it? They needed to know the truth, even if it did make her exceedingly uncomfortable.

"You know I was married before." She waited as they both agreed. "It, I, we didn't have a very happy marriage. In the beginning it was okay, but as the years went on, I couldn't satisfy him. He told me I was useless in bed and I didn't know what it was a man needed." She remembered the shame as the words spewed from his lips, making her feel so small and insignificant. Her ex had a powerful way with words. Whenever he made comments about her body, she didn't care. She was happy and content within herself, but when it came to sex, she knew she didn't have enough practice.

"Wait, hold on, this guy who cheated on you told you that you were bad at sex?" Diego asked.

"Yes. If you're both wanting to share me you've got to understand you may hate it with me."

Killian and Diego shared a look, and then they both smiled.

"There's only one way to solve this," Diego said, getting to his feet, holding out his hand.

On instinct she took his offered hand. "What?"

“Where’s your bedroom? I love cold lasagna, but I need to prove to you you’re not bad in bed.”

“Wait? What?” He pulled her out of the dining room. She didn’t put up much of a fight. Killian followed behind them, and as they entered her bedroom, the space looked small with both men inside.

She glanced behind her to see Killian already pulling off his shirt. The ink on his chest mesmerized her. Biting onto her lip, she wanted to lick a path down to his pants. He didn’t make her wait for long before he’d opened his jeans and slid them down. Killian wasn’t wearing any boxer briefs, and he took himself in hand, working his length.

He wasn’t small at all, but long, thick, and the head was already coated in pre-cum. She wanted to taste him, to sink to her knees and for him to fuck her mouth.

“I’m feeling left out.” Diego moved behind her back. His hands were all over her body as he cupped her tits. She let out a gasp.

He was naked as well. The hard ridge of his cock poked against her ass, letting her know he wanted her.

“Do you see what you do to him?” Diego asked. “I never thought I’d see my enemy’s cock, but he’s ready for you, Amy. What do you want to do?”

“I don’t think I can do this.”

“Do you want us to stop?” Diego stopped stroking her breasts as Killian removed his hand from his dick. She wanted him to keep on playing. She liked to watch, and seeing him naked, confident, working his cock, she didn’t want him to stop.

“No, I don’t want you to stop. Please, touch yourself.”

“You like seeing this?” Killian asked, his fist moving up and down his length.

She was so wet.

“Yes.”

“Tell me what you want me to do?”

“I don’t know. I know what I want to do.”

Killian raised a brow. “And what is that?”

“I want to taste you.” Heat rose in her cheeks. If she went any hotter, she’d melt on the spot.

"I'm not stopping you. So far, baby, all I see is a hot woman with needs," Killian said.

"Here, let me help you." This was from Diego, who helped her down to her knees and Killian stepped up. She still wore her jeans and a shirt but knelt on the floor between them, she was ... open, exposed to their views. What did they see?

Killian stroked a curl behind her ear. "I won't stop you, angel," he said. He took hold of her hand, wrapping it around his length, and she stroked her tongue across the very tip of his dick. His pre-cum coated her tongue, and she moaned as it did. "Do you like that?"

In answer, she took the whole head of his cock into her mouth, working up and down his length, taking him as deep as she could, pulling off with a pop.

"Such a pretty sight," Diego said.

She let go of Killian's cock to see her other man standing close.

Unable to resist, she covered his dick and started to swallow him up, bobbing her head, taking him as deep as she could go, with a moan.

"Yeah, that's right. Fuck, she has got a good mouth. I don't know who her ex is, but he's got a lot to answer for." Diego groaned, and he swelled a little more in her mouth.

Killian tugged on her head, asking for more, and she moved back over to his cock.

This was not what she'd expected when she woke up this morning.

First to get propositioned by the two sexiest guys around, then to have both in her bedroom while she gave them a blowjob.

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Killian didn't want to blow inside her mouth on his first time with Amy.

Pulling her off his cock, he didn't wait for Diego; he picked her up and dropped her to the bed. Gripping her shirt, he tore the damn thing in two. She shouldn't wear clothes. He wanted to see her naked. He'd been waiting far too long for her to stay dressed for any length of time.

The white lacy bra was pretty but in his way.

Tearing it off her body, he let out a groan, loving the sight before him. Her perfect plump tits with nice red nipples. She was a dream come true. He'd been waiting to see her like this, and he wasn't disappointed.

He cupped the mounds together, working over the tight buds. Pinching the ends, he heard her gasp, arching up.

Diego flicked the catch of her jeans, and having no choice but to leave those beauties alone, Killian pulled the jeans from her body, being sure to take her matching white lacy panties with them.

She didn't have any pubic hair, and he was surprised to see her perfectly clean-shaven.

"Fuck me, you're beautiful," Diego said. Together, they touched her cunt, and Killian spread her legs so there was nothing to obstruct her from their view.

Perfect pussy.

Soaking wet.

Sliding a finger inside her, he found just how tight she was. Her ex certainly didn't fuck her enough, but that was all okay for him. He and Diego were going to make up for her ex's shortfall. This pussy was going to know a pounding. First, he wanted a taste.

Shoving Diego's fingers out of the way, he slid his tongue between her wet slit, moaning at the first touch. She was amazing. Sliding his tongue into her cunt, he stroked up, circling her clit, then back down again.

"Here, let me open her." Diego held her legs open, keeping her spread for him.

He didn't mind how long it took licking and sucking at her perfect cunt. He didn't want to stop. Just one taste of her would never be enough.

He sucked her clit into his mouth, using his teeth to create a little bite of pain. He heard her cry out, and he stopped, soothing out the pain with the flat of his tongue.

"Let me have a taste."

Killian moved out of the way to make room for Diego, who didn't waste any time. Watching her face, Killian saw the pleasure rush over her, and it was such a pretty sight.

"I never knew it could be like this," she said.

"Your ex never devoted any time to licking your pussy?"

"No. None."

"Your ex is a fucking loser." He didn't like the bastard on principle. What kind of man didn't take care of his woman?

It was a good job he and Diego were more than happy to step up to give her what she wanted.

“Oh, wow,” she said. “Please, don’t stop!”

Running his fingers up and down her thighs, he watched as Diego gave her an orgasm. She didn’t fake it. Her tits shook as her orgasm rushed over her, and he was so hard, just from watching her.

When he’d thought about sharing her with Diego, in truth, he didn’t think for a second he’d be able to. He wasn’t known for letting anyone else have half of what belonged to him, but with Amy he was willing to share to have a piece of her.

Seeing her come apart under Diego’s tongue, he wasn’t annoyed, but aroused. It was one of the prettiest sights he’d ever seen, and he wanted to see it again.

“Nicest pussy ever,” Diego said, lifting up.

Killian didn’t give Amy or Diego a choice of who was going to get her pussy first.

Putting the tip of his dick at her entrance, he slid in deep, pushing to the hilt, holding her down as he fucked his cock inside her.

She cried out. She was tighter than he imagined she would be.

“Hey!” Diego glared at him.

“You gave her an orgasm, I got to feel her first.”

Diego moved to the head of the bed, holding onto Amy as Killian rocked back and forth within her.

“Do you feel what you do to me?” he asked.

“I’ve never ... it’s too much.”

“Do you want me to stop?” He would for her, even if the pleasure went straight to his balls. In the back of his mind he was having to count to ten just to keep himself from blowing too soon. He was so aroused, and her tight, wet heat was a pure distraction.

“No!”

Slowly, he rocked back and forth, watching her, seeing if she could take all of him. At first, she looked a little uncomfortable, but he took his time, letting her get used to the sheer size of him. Her wasn’t a small man, never had been.

Lifting her legs up over his shoulders, he wanted to get as deep within her as he could without hurting her.

She felt better than he even imagined.

So tight.

So wet.

Perfect.

This was what he'd been hoping for all this time. To finally have her all to himself, to fuck, to play, and to be with.

"Please!"

"Yes, fuck, you feel incredible," he said. "Touch her, Diego. Get her to come all over my dick."

Diego didn't complain. He moved forward, and Killian watched as Amy sucked on Diego's cock. He was at the perfect angle to her mouth.

He didn't know if he was going to last.

The moment Diego started to stroke her clit, she tightened around his length, and he fucked her hard. Her pussy swallowed him up, and he felt the moment she came. How her cunt milked his cum, wanting him. He didn't hold back, giving her everything, pouring all of his spunk deep inside her.

He hadn't worn a condom. When it came to Amy, he wanted nothing between them, but he also had a plan. He wanted to keep Amy as he wished to have a future with her, no matter what.

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Diego wasn't stupid. He'd clocked Killian not wearing a condom, and as the other man pulled out of her pussy, the evidence of his naked dick spilled out of her pussy lips.

He wasn't a man to be outdone.

Amy wasn't just some weekend fling for him.

For a long time, he'd been watching her, waiting to stake his claim on her, and soon, he was going to have her.

Pressing kisses to her tits, he moved between her thighs, stroking up and down.

Gripping her hips, he flipped her onto her knees, and she let out a little yelp. Crawling up the bed behind her, he pushed her blonde tresses out of the way, sinking his teeth against her flesh. She whimpered, and he relished the sound.

"Did you like his big cock inside you?" Diego asked.

"Yes."

“Good. You’re going to have mine now, and I know you’re going to love every second of it.”

“You’re a bit full of yourself,” Killian said.

“I know what she’s full of. Let’s not comment, shall we,” Diego said, waiting for him to dispute what he said.

Sliding his fingers between her dripping slit, he pushed two inside her. She was still tight, even after the pounding Killian had given her.

He’d never seen a woman so sexually deprived in all of his life. Her ex had a lot to answer for. He’d read one of the books, and knew deep down what it was Amy craved. She wanted two men completely devoted to her, no questions asked, but also, to not have them push her aside or think she was disgusting for the kinds of sex she did want.

Watching Killian with her, Diego knew he was more than man enough for the task. Amy deserved someone—or two someones—who understood her, who would hold her in the cold of night and not toss her aside. He had no problems with how down and dirty she wanted to get. He wanted it too, and would help her to find who she really wanted to be.

Biting into her neck, he sucked on the tender flesh, wanting his mark on her.

He wasn’t going to hide who she belonged to.

For a long time, he’d had his share of women, and now he was more than ready to settle down. There was no one else he wanted more than Amy. She was perfect for him. He’d fallen for her kindness, her sweet laughter, and hot, curvy body. Not a day went by when he didn’t think about her being in his bed, waking up to her every morning.

She’d make the perfect mother for their children, and he saw them being together until old age.

Pulling his fingers from her tight pussy, he started to pump his fingers in and out of her, drawing them up to her clit to tease. She shook in his arms, but he imagined that was down to the two orgasms he’d already given her.

Before the night was over, he wanted her to struggle to move.

“I don’t think I can take anymore,” she said.

“Oh, you will, baby. Believe me, we’re only just getting started.” He let go of her clit, wrapped his fingers around his dick, and placed the tip against her core.

She let out a long, drawn-out moan as he slowly, inch by inch, sank inside her. He made her aware of just how much she took of him. Every inch, every part of him. She gasped his name as it echoed off the walls.

On the last inch, he grabbed both of her hips and pounded inside her, making her cry out. Letting go, he touched her ass cheeks and spread them open, seeing his cock embedded into her tight snatch, and the puckered hole of her anus. Running his fingers through her slit, combining her release with Killian's, he got his digits nice and wet.

He touched her asshole, getting it prepared and lubed.

"What are you doing?"

"You know what I'm doing, baby. Don't you worry. I'll prepare you." He rocked inside her, letting her get used to his length. Killian distracted her by kissing her, and as Diego started to push against her ass, she whimpered.

Killian, being the good buddy he was turning out to be, worked his hand between her thighs, touching her clit.

Diego paused as her hot pussy squeezed him even tighter. His balls were already blue from not being with anyone, not since he wanted Amy. No other woman would ever do. The only person he wanted was right here, beneath him.

Slowly, working in and out of her body, he grasped some control of his hormones, and started to get close to his orgasm. He didn't pound within her, but took his time as he played with her ass, pushing a finger past that tight ring of muscles, and fucking her. He kept up the pace, gritting his teeth as she got closer to another orgasm.

He now understood why Killian came so freaking fast. There was no way of denying this woman. Her pussy was hungry for some cum, and as he added a second finger, she came hard around his length.

Closing his eyes, he pumped inside her, trying to hold back his own release. Amy was too much, and as he tried to pull out, his balls had another idea. Removing his fingers from her tight ass, he held her hips in place as with one thrust, he seated himself to the hilt within her, his cum joining Killian's. There was no way he was going to let the other bastard believe he won.

Amy was his, and he wasn't going to let her go. Not to anyone.

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## Chapter Four

The following Monday, Amy was still a little sore after Killian and Diego's lovemaking.

Both men hadn't stopped, and she'd lost count of the number of orgasms they'd given her. They had taken turns, and even now, thinking about it, she felt heat rise up in her cheeks. Did it make her a slut to have two men take it in turns?

Maybe she was nervous.

On Sunday morning they had both gotten a call before she'd even made them all breakfast, and both had promised to call. But neither of them had. Did they think she was weak?

Resting her head against the shop fridge, she shook it from side to side.

"Stop thinking about it," she said.

She'd been up since four that morning, and rather than try to pretend to sleep, she'd come straight to the shop to get started on the day's baking. Mondays were always good days. She tended to get a lot of orders for lunches for the week, but also the chance of catering to a birthday party or an event of some kind. There was never a dull moment in her world.

All she had to do was get her head in the freaking game. Whatever happened over the weekend, she couldn't change it. Killian and Diego had offered her a chance to have both of them. It could have been a test or a ruse, or both. Had she failed?

Pushing those doubts to one side, she grabbed the ingredients out of the fridge, and got to mixing the chocolate chip cookies, which were a huge hit. Each time she thought of Diego or Killian, she shoved them out of her mind, even though her nipples were sore from their mouths, and her ass a little tender. Both men couldn't seem to resist touching her, telling her how they were going to use her.

*Get your head out of the dirty clouds. It's not going to happen. Focus on what you do best. Baking.*

She had to get herself together. This was no way to run a business.

After managing to complete her morning baking routine, she made herself a cup of coffee, sipping it in between serving customers. After the

lunchtime rush, she knew deep in her heart, she'd been had.

Diego and Killian had used her.

She put the closed sign on the door, and made her way into the back, hoping to stop the tears, which wouldn't do as they were told.

The door to her shop opened. She hadn't locked it.

*Damn it.*

"We're closed," she said.

She walked out of the kitchen and paused.

Diego and Killian were standing in her shop. The moment they saw her, both men rounded the counter.

"Are you okay?" Killian asked.

"Who the fuck made you cry?" Diego asked.

Both men touched her face, and she was a little shocked.

"What are you doing here?"

"Answer our questions," Killian said.

"I want to know who made you cry. I'll fucking kill them," Diego said.

"You did," she said.

"I did?" Diego asked.

"Yes, and you."

"What did I do?" Killian asked.

"Oh, it's nothing. It's me being stupid." She pulled out of their arms and walked back into the kitchen. As she did so, she pinched her arm, but yep, she was very much awake.

"I'm a little confused right now," Diego said.

"Like it's hard for you to be."

"Neither of you called," she said. "I thought ... it doesn't matter what I thought."

"It does matter," Killian said. "You thought we didn't want you anymore, didn't you?"

"Well, can you blame me? You both leave so fast come Sunday morning and after what we did. No wonder. You both must hate me." She covered her face with her hands.

"I'm confused now," Killian said.

"You think we've got an issue with how fucking hot and sexy you were Saturday night?" Diego asked.

"It was wrong. You both run different MCs. I know this isn't normal. I'm not normal. I'm weird. I like two men. It's why I didn't want to date either of you. I like you both. This is crazy. You both should go. Find a woman who'll enjoy you without you having to compromise." Just the thought of them being with anyone else made her feel so upset.

"You think there's anyone else in this world we'd ever want?" Diego asked.

She lowered her hands, looking at them over the tips of her fingers. "What?"

Killian chuckled. "We had some business to attend to. We don't run this town or own it, but we have an agreement in place to take care of it. We got a communication of another MC wanting to pass through. Every now and again, the Rogues and Devils work together. It's what we do."

"You do?" she asked.

"Yes, to keep the town and our own clubs safe," Diego said. "We can play nice. Both of us want you to have a town you can feel safe in. Also, we agreed that unless we're both present, neither of us can sneak off to see you. It wouldn't be fair. The moment the threat was gone, we both came here."

"You didn't scare us off," Killian said.

"And nothing we did Saturday night was dirty as far as I'm concerned," Diego said. "When we get dirty, there's a lot more cum, a lot more screaming, and a few cuffs, maybe."

Her nipples tightened at the thought. "Cuffs?"

"You like that?" Killian asked.

"I didn't scare you away or bore you?" she asked, avoiding the question. She hadn't thought of cuffs, but she wondered if Killian and Diego would be willing to be tied up as she had her way with them.

"There's no way you can bore anyone. I loved every second of our time together, and I'm looking forward to more. Saturday was just a taste," Killian said.

"I agree." Diego stepped up close and swiped a tear away. "I don't want you to cry over us like this. We will never make you feel like your asshole of an ex did. You're amazing, and don't let anyone tell you differently."

She ran her fingers over her face, wiping away the tears. "Next time, please call. I don't think I can handle not knowing."

"We'll call," Killian said.

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Killian walked around Amy's house completely naked, as did Diego. They'd left her to finish her day at the shop, and promised to have dinner and some fun the moment she returned.

"I don't want her wearing a stitch of clothing," Diego said. "She has got too good an ass to hide behind jeans. What is with her fetish for jeans, anyway?"

"Fetish?"

"Yeah, I went into her closet, and there's, like, six hundred pairs of them." Diego was looking through her music. She had a couple of CDs, but nothing that appealed to Killian.

"We need to buy her some skirts and dresses. You know, the kind to show off her legs and ass."

"How about we do a panty ban?" Diego said. "I don't want anything getting in the way of me touching her pussy."

Killian glanced over at Diego. "Can you believe we're having a civilized conversation, naked in our woman's home?"

"No, it feels fucking messed up. Weird." Diego let out a shudder. "We're enemies."

"More like frenemies," Killian said.

"Where do you see this going with Amy?" Diego asked.

"You want to talk about the future?"

"I've got plans, and seeing as you fucked her without a condom last night, I figure you've got plans too."

"I do," Killian said. "But I'm not telling you them."

"I'm never going to wear a condom with her."

"So we knock her up together. Tell me, Diego, are you ready to be a daddy?" Killian asked.

"I'm ready to marry Amy, have her as my wife and the mother of my children. I've got nothing to hide. I love her."

Killian paused. "You do?"

"Yeah. You want to be real here and talk about the future, then I can do exactly that. My feelings for Amy, they're fucking real, not fake. I love her. I want a life with her, and I've wasted too much time already. You think

I don't know a good woman when I see one? I do. I know she's perfect. I know I love her more than anything."

"You don't know her," Killian said. He folded his arms, looking Diego in the eye.

"I know her. I've spent the past year getting to know her. It's how I know she is perfect for me, and I will do anything for her. What about you, Killian? Is she just a happy fuck to you?"

Killian stared at Diego, a little taken aback by the sheer honesty of the other man.

"Why are you telling me this?"

"It was one of *your* rules, remember, we've got to be honest with each other."

"We only fucked her the other day and you're willing to put your entire life with her?" Killian asked.

"If you're not, you should back down. Amy deserves a man who is willing to stand up for her. To claim her. To tell the world to back the fuck off, because she belongs to him. I love her. I have done for some time now. If you're not man enough to stake your claim, then leave her alone."

"I love her," Killian said. "I would die for her. Do you really think this past year has been easy for me?" He didn't give Diego time to answer. "I've watched her from afar and up close. As close as she'd even let me, which isn't far. She likes to keep everyone at arm's length. I know what she wants, who she wants, and I'm more than willing to give it to her. I'm more than in love with her. Words do not even begin to describe how I feel about her. I'm not backing down from this." He couldn't step aside. Not now. "This was never about sex for me. From the moment I asked her out, I wanted her to be my old lady, but she turned me down, and it's because of you."

Diego nodded. "So, we're at a stalemate."

"No, we don't have to be at anything. You love her. I love her. We both love her. There's nothing else for us to do other than enjoy her. Amy has to make a choice," Killian said.

Diego burst out laughing. "You're telling me, after having a taste of her, after knowing what it's like to feel her milking your cock, and driving you to the edge of insanity, you think you can just walk away? If she picks me, you'll bow out?"

Killian didn't say a word.

“Besides, what if she’s pregnant right now? What will you do? You see, neither of us wore a condom. I don’t even know if she’s on the pill. To be frank, I couldn’t give a fuck if she was or not, but do *you* care?” Diego asked.

Again, Killian stared at his opponent. This wasn’t exactly how he envisioned this conversation going.

Neither of them spoke.

The door lock clicked open, and the stare-off ended as they both turned toward the door.

They were going to have to find a way to resolve their differences. Killian didn’t have a clue how they were going to do it. If it was even possible to do. He couldn’t see a way out. Not right now. Not with Amy entering, and the moment she saw them, she closed the door with a giggle.

“You’re both naked. I wasn’t expecting you to be.”

“I know, darlin’, and now it’s time for you to join us as well. The moment you enter your home, we have a new rule. Your body is not one to be hidden. We want to see you, every inch of you,” Diego said.

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Diego helped Killian remove Amy’s clothes. Her body should never be hidden. He couldn’t believe how long he’d waited to claim her, to make her his, but he wasn’t going to make that same mistake again.

Running his hands down her body, from cupping her tits to moving between her pussy, he loved how she rubbed her curvy ass against his dick.

Biting onto her neck, he added another love bite to match the one already there.

“Did you miss us?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Good,” Killian said, taking over. “Because we missed you.”

Diego held up her tits for Killian to suck, and the other man didn’t need any more encouragement to lick and suck at those tits. Staring over her shoulder, Diego watched as he moved from one nipple to the other, then back. His tongue stroked between the valley of her tits before gliding down her stomach.

“How wet is she?” Diego asked.

“Hold her still so I can find out.” Cupping her cheek, Diego tilted her head back, and claimed her lips as Killian started to work his tongue

through her slit. Tracing across her lips, he loved hearing every single gasp and moan as Killian worked her body like magic.

"Let's move her to a more comfortable spot."

Moving her back toward the sofa, Diego had her sit on his lap, spreading her thighs so Killian could work her pussy.

He kissed her lips, swallowing down the sounds of her orgasm as she came. She rubbed her ass against his dick, and he controlled himself, even though he wanted to bend her over the nearest surface and fuck her tight asshole.

She collapsed against him as Killian knelt back.

"I could get used to this," she said.

"Having your pussy licked?" Diego said.

"Not just that, but also coming home to the two of you. It's quite the heady mix."

"I bet it is," Killian said.

Amy reached behind her and began to work his length. Up and down she slid her hand, and Diego groaned.

"I think it's only fair I return the favor." She slid off his lap, going to her knees before them.

"I did all the work," Killian said.

Diego glared at the other man, giving him the finger.

"You both worked together," Amy said. She grabbed Killian's hips and pushed him to sit right down beside him. "In my house I don't want any fighting or any bickering. It's not fair to either of you." She didn't move between their legs, but leaned against each of them, where they were separated. They had no choice but to sit close together so her mouth could get to their dicks.

Both of her hands were on them, her fists moving up and down their length.

Diego watched her as she first took Killian into her mouth. She took him to the back, and he watched her give a little heave before moving off him to take Diego's length.

He stroked her hair. He didn't close his eyes even as he wanted to. Watching her suck on him was far more exciting than closing his eyes.

She alternated between them, taking each of their cocks, giving them an equal turn. Diego didn't know how long he was going to last. In between

using her mouth, she kept her hand on him, sliding up and down through her saliva and his pre-cum.

When Killian came, Diego couldn't believe how sexy it was to see her swallow down the other man's cum. She closed her eyes as she did so, and he watched her mouth work. Seconds later, her mouth was on him, and as he came, she did the same, swallowing every single drop of his creamy essence.

Afterward, they pulled her up off the floor to sit between them. They were all sated. Diego lifted a thigh, putting it over his, and he stroked the inside of her leg.

"I truly believed you'd used me and left me," Amy said. "You have no idea how happy I was to see you. Both of you."

"We'll never leave you," Killian said.

Diego gave her thigh a little squeeze. "Next time we'll call." He kissed her head. "We've been waiting for you for some time. We've both been really patient. We're not going to screw it up now."

"I believe it now, but with my ex ... I was worried I was really bad."

Killian stroked her cheek, tilting her head back, making her look at him. "Don't. Your ex was a bastard. He had no right blaming you. You're amazing in the bedroom, and you should never believe anything different. You blow my mind."

"You can feel how much I love being with you," Diego said.

Her stomach started to growl, and she covered her face. "Could I be anymore embarrassed?" she asked.

"Nothing to fear. We have dinner ready. You stay here, relax. We'll be back," Diego said, getting to his feet.

They walked into the kitchen, and Diego grabbed three plates as Killian pulled the casserole out of the oven. They'd found it in her freezer storage, and there was more than enough for three.

"We've got to make this work. All three of us," Diego said.

Killian paused in serving up.

As they'd all been sitting there, Diego realized something: Amy might never pick between them. They'd offered her both of them, and she didn't want to decide. She wasn't the kind of woman to do something like that, to pit one man against the other.

"I know. I already figured it out."

With three portions of food made up, Diego grabbed the knives and forks from the drawer.

“What are we going to do?” Diego asked. “I’m guessing you believed this was only temporary?”

“I didn’t have any plans, Diego. I knew what I wanted, and I was willing to compromise to get it.”

“And now?”

“I’m still willing to do what it takes to have the woman I want. What about you?”

There was no hesitation. “I am.”

“Then we’re stuck together. It’s the way it’s going to be.”

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## Chapter Five

*One month later*

Amy felt sick. Really sick.

Her period had started this morning, and she also had sickness and other bodily problems. She had a fever, and she wanted nothing more than to curl up in a ball and cry. Maybe even sob.

She'd already called Diego and Killian. For the past month they'd been dating, and every single day they arrived at her door, they always ended up having sex. She'd never had so much sex in her life, but her men, they knew how to satisfy her, and well, she wasn't going to turn them down.

Both men had found a way to work together, and when they were in her company, she could mistake them for friends, even though they were presidents of different MCs. How had her life gotten so complicated? She felt awful.

Did they expect her to choose between the two?

Was it selfish of her to want two men equally?

Tears filled her eyes, and she held the pillow close to her chest, not wanting to give it up. She released a sniffle, feeling even more sorry for herself as the minutes wore on.

"It's fine," she said to herself.

Her men always wanted sex, and seeing as she was on her period *and* sick, she'd told them not to bother coming. She'd be horrible company ... but she felt miserable. Did they only want her for sex?

She loved having them around and visiting her at her bakery. It was fun to see them together, making her laugh, offering her comfort. Between the two of them, she felt so many things.

One feeling was more dominant than the others, and that was love. She loved both men. Diego for his bluntness and Killian for his attempts at tact, but what if this was all about sex with them?

Someone entered her home, and within seconds, both of her men were in the room.

"Killian? Diego?" She looked at both men, a little surprised.

Diego winced. "Darlin', you're looking really bad." He stepped up close, putting a hand against her forehead. "Have you taken anything?"

"You mean drugs?"

"No, medication. You're sick."

"I've been sick all morning." She started to cry.

"Hey, hey, what's with the tears?" Killian said, moving to sit beside her, pulling her into his lap.

"I just, why are you here?" she asked, quickly changing the subject.

"Why wouldn't we be here?" Diego asked. "It seems kind of a stupid question."

"I'm, you know, I've got my period, and look at me."

"Sweetheart, you are a sight for sore eyes, but there is nowhere else we'd rather be. I speak for both of us, don't I, asshole?" Diego said.

"Yes. What makes you think we wouldn't want to be here?" Killian asked, stroking his fingers through her hair.

It all seemed a little silly to her now, but there was no point in denying her feelings. "We've only had sex."

"So?" Diego asked. "We've hung out. Watched movies. Had a lot of fun. It's not just about sex. Believe me."

"It's not?"

"Is that what you think?" Killian asked. "We're only here to fuck you?"

"Aren't you?"

"Hell, no," Diego said. "Tell her, Killian."

"We're here because we love spending time with you. Don't get me wrong, I will not turn down a chance of being between your sweet thighs, but I'm here for you. Not just for the sex."

"Oh." Her cheeks heated.

"Don't be embarrassed," Diego said. "This is not a situation for you to be embarrassed about."

"It's not?"

"No."

She covered her face, and this time, Diego was the one to move her hands away.

"You've got to stop trying to hide. There is no reason for you to." Diego kissed her cheek. "If you weren't poorly, I'd kiss your lips. We're here to take care of you."

"I look awful."

"Yeah, and when we're ill, we'll look just as bad, maybe a little worse," Diego said.

"Speak for yourself. I look amazing. I've got the whole lost look. It'll make your heart melt," Killian said.

She laughed, then groaned as her stomach was hurting.

"You need to get these crazy ideas out of your head where you believe we're only here for your body. We are, but we also like you talking to us. Spending time with us. You know, doing ordinary couple stuff," Diego said.

"And while we're at it, when you're better again, we're taking you on a picnic," Killian said.

"You are?" Now she was intrigued.

"Yes. Diego and I, we already figured you haven't been dated enough, and so we're all going on a picnic."

"And the movies. That's a date thing still, right?" Diego asked.

"And you'll be coming to a party at our clubs," Killian said.

"I will? How is that going to work?" Amy said. "You're both presidents of two separate clubs."

"Well, we've been working something out," Diego said. "It'll take some more work, so the partying at the clubs will be a bit later. Now, you need to rest, and we will take care of you." He kissed her cheek again. "Rest. It's an order."

Killian stood up.

"Soup?" he asked.

"Yes, I'd love some." No one had ever taken care of her when she was ill. Her ex had always demanded attention, even when she was sick. How she ever loved that man was beyond her.

Killian and Diego, they were everything.

Did they want her to choose between them? She hoped not because there was no way she'd ever be able to make a decision. She loved both of them, and she couldn't imagine being with one without the other.

What mess had she gotten them all into?

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Amy wasn't pregnant.

Killian helped Diego as they put Amy to bed. They'd both fed her soup, and helped her as she threw it all back up. They'd showered her, and held her hair back as she vomited again, showered her again.

For any other woman, he'd have been pissed off, angry at how she'd ruined his night, but with Amy, this was all so very different. Being with her wasn't like anything he'd ever experienced.

He joined Diego downstairs, and they worked quietly for over an hour, cleaning up her kitchen and her living room. They cleaned her other rooms as well, giving them a quick freshening up, and after they finished, they each took a cup of coffee and sat in the dining room.

Sipping at his hot coffee, he stared across the table at Diego.

"She's not pregnant," Diego said.

"Already figured it out. I was hoping the sickness was because she was, but we both know that's not true." Killian put his cup down, releasing a sigh. "Her being pregnant wouldn't have changed anything. We wouldn't know who the father was."

"Do you even care?" Diego frowned at him.

"What do you mean?"

"The baby? Do you care who the father is?" Diego folded his arms, staring right back at him.

Killian didn't know how to answer the question. Did it really matter to him who fathered Amy's baby?

"We both know we love her and we're willing to join our clubs together. It's going to take some time, but I think we can make this work," Diego said. "But I need to know if it really matters to you if that baby is mine or yours."

"Why?" Killian asked.

"Because I don't give a fuck whose baby it is, so long as it's mine or yours. I love her. I will do anything for her. Now, I'm not declaring undying love for you, but I certainly don't want any bad shit to happen to you. I know we've been at this relationship thing a month, but I can see we can do this." Diego blew out a breath, running fingers through his hair. "I'm not saying this is going to be easy for us. I know it's not. We're going to argue. We're too strong-minded, but if we can accept each other and our kids as one, then don't you think there is a real chance of this working indefinitely? Don't give me bullshit either where you say you've not even thought about it. If I've thought about it, so have you." Diego lifted his cup, taking another sip.

"I *have* thought about it," Killian said, finally speaking up.

"At last, he talks." Diego glared at him.

"I'm not trying to be a dick here."

"You're succeeding even if you're not trying."

Killian sipped at his coffee. It was that or throttle the bastard, and he doubted Amy would accept him strangling Diego.

"If you need to think long and hard about the answer, then we've got no chance of this working."

"I don't mind," Killian said. "I wasn't thinking about my baby or your baby. When I think about *the* baby. It's always ours. You, me, and Amy. I've stopped thinking of this as a competition where the best man wins. I see this as something more. Something lasting." Killian shrugged. "I'm not trying to be a dick or an asshole. As you've said many times, that comes naturally."

Diego laughed. "If we're willing to compromise and accept the baby she has, or eventually has, as both of ours, we can make this work."

"You're willing to share her, for the rest of your life? To have me be on her other side, in sickness?"

"And when she's fucking healthy. Let me be straight with you, I've got no problem with you. In the beginning, I did. I don't share easily. Scrap that, I don't fucking share. I never have. Watching Amy with you, being able to see her come apart in your arms but to also know she's safe and protected, I got no problem sharing, just so long as it's with you. No one else. I don't want any other guy to have a chance at her."

"Dude, please, there is no way I'm going to let that happen."

"So, what about you?" Diego asked.

"What?"

"Do you have a problem with me and Amy? With me being part of your life for the rest of your life? I'm talking about seeing my ass in the shower in the morning, or risking waking up facing me. Sharing coffee and breakfast."

"We've been doing that every single day for the past month, and I haven't killed you. I can handle it. You're not bad company when you're not being a dick."

"Says the cock," Diego said, laughing. "Holy shit, I'm part of a three-way."

"Yeah, we are. But we still don't have her pregnant, and neither of us have told her we love her."

“We’ve got to make her fall hard for both of us then,” Diego said. “We can’t give her a chance to even consider this being a bit of fun.”

“I’ve never done romance in my life,” Killian said. “The women—”

“Have all been easy and once you’re done with them, throw them away. I hear you. I’ve been there myself.”

“Amy’s not the kind of woman you throw away.”

“She’s the kind of woman you keep. So we’ve got to work together to come up with a plan to make her fall in love with us,” Diego said. “The picnic is a good start.”

“It is. Movies. Chocolate. Wine.”

“I don’t drink wine.”

“To win Amy, you will,” Killian said.

“Flowers. I can pick the shit out of flowers,” Diego said.

“We’re doomed if all we can think about is the basic shit of wooing a woman.”

Diego shrugged. “We’ve got this. I know it seems like hard work now, but we love this woman. There is no way we can fail in making her fall in love with us. Believe me. She’ll be ours by the end of the week.”

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By the end of the week, Amy was still sick, so any chance of wooing her went out of the window.

At least she had him and Killian. They spent every single chance they could to help bring her back to full health. They held her as she was sick and her body shook with tremors, each of them taking it in turns to make soup and sit with her. Eventually, she was healthy, and she had no choice but to spend a week at work, catching up on orders, and making sure her company was fine.

There was no way he or Killian could help with that. They didn’t know how to bake, and they helped to deliver while she baked until the early hours of the morning.

After another week of catching up on some much-needed sex, there was simply no way to deny Amy. Not anything. The next week, she had several orders to get through, which required their immediate attention.

Behind the scenes, Diego and Killian were also drawing their clubs together. They’d had a truce for so long and worked together, it seemed only sensible to make themselves one united MC, just in two separate

clubhouses, but rather than having their own turf, they shared. This stopped them from fighting for MC president. Together, they made both of the decisions.

The clubs were hesitant at first, but with a little time, they were able to show them a way where they fought together united.

Finally, after another month, the picnic was a go. Diego had gotten the food all ready, and Amy was at the peak of health.

As they walked toward the lake where most of the families gathered to have a picnic, they were drawing attention.

Killian stood on one side of Amy, while Diego took the other. He found a nice spot of shade beneath the tree.

"You checked the weather?" Killian asked.

"Bright and sunny all day. No chance of rain. Stop worrying so much. I swear I know what I'm doing."

"That sure does look like a rain cloud," Killian said.

Amy chuckled. "It's fine. I'm sure we'll be okay."

"Well, if the sandwiches are a washout, blame the asshole."

"Hey," Diego said. "I watched the weather." He didn't watch the weather. He didn't plan his life based on what could happen. Not when it came to the weather. Nothing and no one dictated to him, or stopped him from doing something he enjoyed. They pulled out the blanket, and each of them sat down. He glanced over his shoulder and saw the dark cloud rolling close.

He hoped it stayed away.

Pulling out sandwiches, fruit, snacks, and drinks, they all opened them up and started to eat.

"I know you guys planned this weeks ago. Thank you so much for waiting for me," Amy said, sinking her teeth into a sandwich.

"We decided it would be much more fun watching you eat than looking at each other," Diego said.

"You're our buffer."

Amy chuckled. "This is nice."

The first roll of thunder erupted.

Diego pretended not to hear it.

Amy was smiling at him, while there was fire shooting out of Killian's eyes, or at least there would be if he turned to look at him.

“Have a strawberry,” he said. Most of his words were drowned out by another wave of thunder. Around him, families were rushing in packing up, but he didn’t move.

“Diego, you didn’t check, did you?” Killian asked.

“I don’t hear anything.”

The rain opened up, pouring down around them.

“I don’t feel anything.”

Amy burst out laughing, but Diego wasn’t moving anywhere. He was the one who’d prepared the picnic.

“For fuck’s sake, Diego, you had to check the weather.”

“I don’t allow a bunch of clouds or rain to tell me what to do. We’re finally here. We’ve got sandwiches. There is nothing going on around us. We’re fine. Now eat up and stop ruining this.” He removed his jacket and placed it over Amy’s shoulders. The food was washed out within seconds, the tree offering no protection. After a few minutes, the ground was way too soggy, and Diego had to admit defeat. Even as Amy laughed and Killian cursed, Diego decided to brush off the feeling of failure. They’d gone on a picnic at least, and Amy was having a good time. She kept sliding in the mud, and as he helped her up, he ended up on his ass, covered in dirt.

Killian also ended up doing the same.

It didn’t take long for them all to be soaking wet, dirty, but laughing. For Diego, he considered it a job well done. They were all laughing, and he didn’t see a problem with how they had gotten to it.

Walking back home, they entered Amy’s house, and they all stripped down.

“I absolutely loved today,” she said, gripping the back of his neck and pressing kisses to his lips. “Loved it.”

“Hey, what about me? I’m all wet too,” Killian asked.

“You complained.”

“I still loved it,” Killian said. “I’m sorry, Diego, for being pissed about the washout.”

“Come on,” Amy said. “Picnics can be so boring.”

“You don’t like picnics?” Killian asked.

“I do, and I don’t. They’re all the same. You know, people gathered around. You always have to be respectful of people’s privacy. You can’t be too loud. This one though, this one was amazing, and I loved every second

of it.” She went onto her toes and kissed each of them in turn. “Thank you for making me realize picnics can be fun with the right people.”

She took their clothes and left.

“She is the best woman,” Diego said.

“I know exactly what you mean. I don’t know how we got so lucky.”

“But we did.”

Still, no declarations of love, but he was a patient guy.

He hoped he was...

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## Chapter Six

Rubbing oil down Diego's back, Amy traced over each tribal ink. There were no pictures of graveyards, or roses. Diego's were all hard edges and curves. They were waiting for Killian to return. It wouldn't take him long. He only had to answer a phone call, but she got Diego all to herself. She'd done the same to Killian when Diego had to go, tracing over his ink. Killian had all graveyards and roses, skulls, and other things.

She loved their ink.

"Does it hurt?"

"My ink?"

"Yes."

"The first one did. Now they don't. I haven't had any done in a good couple of years though."

"Why not?"

"Nothing has any appeal." Diego rolled over.

"You're covered in body oil," she said.

"I'll get you some clean sheets."

She put her hands on his chest, massaging the oil into his body. His cock was pointing up, getting harder with every passing second.

"You know where I want your hands," Diego said.

"I know, but the anticipation is the key."

"Screw anticipation."

She dodged his grip as he tried to get her to touch his dick. She burst out laughing.

"I'm going to put 'Amy' right here," he said, tracing a finger across his chest.

She paused. "You are?"

"Yep. I've been thinking about it for some time. I think it'll look hot as fuck having your name right here." He took her hand, tracing some letters on his chest. "I've already got the appointment."

"But, a name, it's for a lifetime," she said.

"I know."

"What if we don't work out?" she asked. No one had ever considered having her name on their chest.

She couldn't believe Diego would do that. She had to believe it. He said he was going to do it.

"I don't believe it's possible for us to not work out."

"You have that much faith in us?" she asked.

"I've got no doubt about us working. I know we can make this work. You, me, and Killian."

"You said my name," Killian said.

"Yep. I was telling her about how I'm going to have her name right here," Diego pointed at his chest as Killian removed his shirt.

"I've already got mine booked," Killian said. "I get it done next week."

"You're having my name inked on your chest?"

"Yes, in pride of place. There's nowhere else I'd want it." Killian pointed at his chest, and she couldn't believe it. "It's going to look really fancy."

"You're both going to have my name?"

"Yes." They both spoke at the same time, and Amy felt tears spring to her eyes.

"I've never had a tattoo. I want to have your names on me."

"Baby, you don't have to do that," Killian said.

"I know I don't have to. I want to." She looked down her body. It wouldn't look right on her boob, but maybe somewhere else? "How about here?" she asked, pointing to her side.

"I'm thinking here," Diego said, pointing to the base of her back. "'Killian and Diego's property'? I like that. What do you think?" Diego looked toward Killian.

"You got a pen?" Killian asked.

"You're going to write on my back?"

"Why not? Ink is for life, baby. You've got to make the right decision." Killian climbed off the bed and walked over to her dresser. He lifted up a marker pen, and Diego held her as Killian wrote on her back.

Once he was done, he stepped back.

"Come and see," Killian said. He took her hand, moving her toward the mirror, and there, staring right back at her, was the ink. She reached behind her, touching it.

"I love it," she said.

"We go to the same guy," Diego said. "If you'd like, we can book you in between us. We'll be there to make sure nothing goes wrong."

Amy stared at the ink. Her heart hammered inside her chest. Could she do it? This was way more than sex or sharing company.

This felt like a declaration to both men. Nibbling her lip, she touched her back, wondering if she could do it.

"Are you okay?" Killian asked. "You don't have to get it done."

"I want to. I want both of your names on me. Will you be happy with that?" She looked between the two, expecting one of them to say no.

"I got no problems with my name being right here," Diego said, getting off the bed. He stood on her other side, and she watched him in the mirror as he traced her flesh. "You belong to both of us, and this, right here, this lets the world know just who you belong to." He fingered the mark. "Sexy."

She giggled. Cupping his face, she pulled him down to kiss him, hard. It was on the tip of her tongue to tell him she loved him, but she held back, not wanting to spoil the moment.

*You love them.*

*Both of them.*

*They have a right to know how you feel.*

Instead, she smiled at each man. "I'm going to go and make some cocoa. Do you guys want one?"

"I'd love one," Diego said.

"Me too."

She stepped out of the bedroom, going to her kitchen. She needed a moment to gather her wits about her.

On the way past the kitchen, she checked the ink out for herself without any prying eyes, and she loved it. The lettering, the words, they were everything to her.

Did they have any other feelings for her besides desire? There were moments she believed they were falling in love with her, but they were so fleeting. She didn't know if she could trust her own judgment, not when it came to love.

Diego and Killian were both forces, and they'd filled her heart when she least expected it. She had no idea love could feel this way, but it did.

She couldn't pick as she wanted them both and would love them equally as well.

She already did.

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Killian was getting impatient.

He knew something was bothering Amy, but he didn't know exactly what.

"Do you think she's had enough of us?" Diego asked, after he'd voiced his concerns to him.

"I honestly have no idea."

"No, I don't believe she's tired of us. I won't believe it."

"And if it's the truth?"

"I still won't believe it. The woman who is between us every single night, she's not tired. She looks at us with yearning," Diego said. "This is something more. I can't explain it. I just know the truth. She's not tired of us."

Killian paced the length of the living room.

Any spare moment he or Diego had was always spent in her home. It was the one place they shared together, and slowly, he and Diego had been moving in. Her wardrobe now had clothes from the both of them, and they each had a toothbrush. He'd even claimed a cup and plate he used every single day.

"I don't like this moping around," Diego said. "I'm not going to sit here and wonder what the hell is going on."

"What are you doing?" Killian asked, following after his friend.

In the past couple of months, they'd gotten to know one another, and Diego wasn't a bad guy, not nearly as bad as Killian thought he was.

"I'm going to go and talk to the woman who can settle this for us, once and for all."

Chasing him down the street, Killian matched him stride for stride, not wanting to be outdone. It didn't take either of them long to make it to Amy's shop. She was at the door about to flick the sign to closed.

The moment she saw them, a huge smile appeared on her face, and it melted Killian's heart.

She opened the door.

"What's going on? I thought I was meeting you at my place in half an hour?" She glanced behind her to check the time.

"Are you breaking up with us?" Diego asked.

"Excuse my friend here. He doesn't know the meaning of the word tact."

"Breaking up with you? No, of course not. Why would you think I'm breaking up with you?"

"There is a reason I don't use tact. There is too much on the line already. I'm not going to sit idly by while she needs us."

"The way you've been behaving lately," Killian said. "You've been distancing yourself."

"I'm not distancing myself. I don't want to break up with you. With either of you."

"Then what is it?" Diego asked. "We're here. We're your men! Talk to us."

"Diego, give the woman some air."

"I skipped my period," she said. "This month. I know we haven't been using condoms and I've been meaning to get on the pill, but the last time I was on it, I was sick. I don't know. I'm kind of scared."

"We knocked you up?" Diego asked.

Amy's cheeks were on fire.

"Will you shut the fuck up before I shut your mouth for you?"

"What? Our woman is pregnant."

"We don't know that," Amy said.

"Do you not want our kid?" Diego asked.

Killian saw the tears in her eyes, and she also bit her lip. He'd noticed they were signs of her nervousness.

"I do. I want to have a family. It's something I've wanted for a really, really long time." She pulled away from them, and he watched her.

"Baby, you can tell us anything," he said.

She turned toward them. "I'm in love with both of you."

He didn't expect that.

"I don't know what the two of you want. If this is a bit of fun and afterward you'll go back to hating each other, or trying to fix some kind of truce... I honestly don't know. I'm crazy about both of you. There's no way I can pick between the two of you. I don't want to. I never want to. I love

you both so much, and I don't care who the father is. For me, both of you are. It's insane. We're not in a story book. I can't be happy to be pregnant." She sniffled. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to pull away from you. From either of you two. I love you both so much, and all I can think about is being with you, forever. There's no other place I want to be than with you. You're both amazing men, and love doesn't even begin to cover how I feel for you."

Killian needed to hold her. Walking up to her, he cupped her face and slammed his lips down on hers. Sliding his tongue between her lips, he deepened the kiss, hungry for more of her.

"I'm in love with you," Killian said. "I don't want to lose you."

"Hey, I'm sick and tired of you getting in there first." Diego nudged him out of the way.

He chuckled as Diego kissed her with a passion equal to his own.

"I've wanted you from the first moment I saw you, Amy. You want a family with the three of us, it's yours. I will fight to stay by your side. Killian and I, we've come to an arrangement. Our clubs are now as one. I promise you."

"They are?"

"Yes. We have taken all the right measures to make sure we can make this official with you. We want to be your men." Diego touched her stomach. "And to be the father you deserve for your child."

"We're going to need a bigger house for all the children we want with you."

"You want lots of children?"

"Everywhere," Diego said. "I can't wait to see how big your tits get when you're pregnant."

Amy chuckled. "We don't even know if I'm pregnant yet."

"I hope you are. I'm begging for you to be."

She chuckled. "Then I hope we get our wish. I love you both so much. I'm so happy right now."

"Then how about we go home and fuck this into being official?" Killian said. "Then afterward, we can see if you're pregnant."

"I like this man's plan."

"Let me finish up." Amy stepped away, paused, turned around, and kissed them both. "I didn't think I'd ever be this happy."

Neither did he.

"We've got ourselves a fine woman there," Diego said.

"The best fucking woman on the planet."

"I couldn't agree more."

\*\*\*\*

*Three months later*

"I can't believe we're doing this," Amy said.

She let out a little moan, and Diego paused. Only the tip of his cock was inside her hot little asshole, but he wanted her to be completely into it. He didn't want to hurt her. "Killian, you should be making it good for her."

"Oh, he is," Amy said, moaning.

"Her pussy is dripping, and she's so fucking tasty," Killian said. "Get inside her ass. I want her pussy."

It was Amy's thirty-first birthday, and they'd asked her what she wanted more than anything. There had been no desire for shoes or jewelry. Not even chocolate got a mention. What their woman wanted was for both of them to be inside her.

Her rounded stomach wasn't a problem. She was only a few months along, and he found her bump the sexiest thing in the world. He loved touching her, feeling their baby grow. To him, it was the most precious being in the world.

She took a couple more inches, and as he plunged her down those last few, she cried out. She didn't try to push him away. Her hands landed on his thighs, and she whimpered.

"You okay?" he asked, kissing her neck.

"I feel so full."

"You're going to be feeling fuller. Killian, she's ready."

Killian lifted up from licking her pussy. Each of them sported a gold wedding band. She was officially married to Killian. They'd all agreed she had to be as the other man was the older, but they had a small ceremony between the two clubs for them to know, she was just as much his wife as Killian's.

Holding onto her hips, keeping her in place, he watched as his friend moved between her thighs, the tip of his dick running up and down her slit. He heard the wet sounds and then felt the hardness as he began to slide inside her.

"Fuck, she's tight."

They'd been taking their time, preparing her for this moment.

When Killian was up to the hilt inside her, they moved so she was sandwiched between them and they were all lying on the bed.

Finding a pace, Diego thrust his cock out and slid in as Killian moved on, and together they built up a rhythm. Reaching between her thighs, he stroked her pussy, wanting her to come, to feel her as she did squeeze his cock.

She moaned, wriggling between them.

"Oh, fuck, this feels so good. So good."

"You like that, baby?" Diego asked. "You like us being in your hot little ass and your tight pussy?"

"Yes!"

"Then come for us. Let us hear how much you love it."

When she came, it was a beautiful sound. Diego didn't have the strength to hold back, not as her ass was milking him.

Thrusting inside her, he gripped her hip tightly as he came. Killian wasn't far behind him, his guttural moan echoing off the walls.

Wrapping his arms around her, he held his pregnant wife, with his best friend. He didn't know how the fuck it happened, but against all the odds, Killian was his best friend. They were a family, and they were doing this together.

"I love you," he said, kissing her neck.

"I love you too. Both of you."

"How did you like your birthday present?" Killian asked.

"It was the best thing in the world. Can we do it again, or is it a birthday treat?" she asked, giggling.

"I think we can do it every single week, if you'd like," Diego said, biting down on her neck. She let out a moan.

This was perfect. Even better than Diego ever imagined.

The love he had for her, it was off the charts, and he knew a good thing when he had it and would make sure it was protected at all costs.

With Killian's help, he'd been able to find his happy, and there was no way he was letting her go.

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## Epilogue

*Five years later*

"Look, look, I'm Daddy on a motorcycle."

Amy laughed as she watched her young son, Damon, as he gripped imaginary handlebars and started to make bike noises, revving up his engine and shooting down a road. She loved watching her son play.

"The question is, son, which Daddy are you?" Diego asked, coming from behind, straddling the bench.

"Because we all know I'm the sexiest one," Killian said, standing in front of his son.

Just then, not happy that her brother was getting all the attention, little Annabeth stumbled across the lawn and rushed to Killian's feet, holding her hands up.

"Up!"

Killian didn't need to be told twice as he lifted their daughter up.

None of them knew who had fathered who, and Amy didn't care. For the last five years, she'd had the most incredible life. First, when Damon was born, it had been a long labor, but holding him in her arms had been a dream come true. Less than a year later, Annabeth was born, and because their home had become hectic, they had said they would wait a little longer between kids.

Damon and Annabeth were indeed a handful, but Amy wouldn't have it any other way.

Walking to her men, she dropped a quick kiss on Damon's cheek; he grinned up at her. He wasn't old enough yet to hate his mother's kisses. She did the same to Annabeth as Killian put his arm around her.

"I'm like both my daddies," Damon said, revving his pretend bike.

"Yeah, he is," she said.

She didn't care who the father was. Diego and Killian were her men. Against all the odds, they were a family. Their clubs had been able to make it work, and she was determined to do the same. She'd make everything work for the both of them.

Tucking some hair behind her ear, she looked at Diego and Killian, seeing the heat in their gazes.

She knew exactly what they wanted, but she had a little surprise for them.

“So, how do you guys feel about number three?” she asked, putting her hands to her stomach.

The moment she did, she saw their eyes go wide and the look of shock rush over them. She couldn’t stop laughing, but it was worth it. They were a happy family and would soon be adding another to their fold.

**The End**

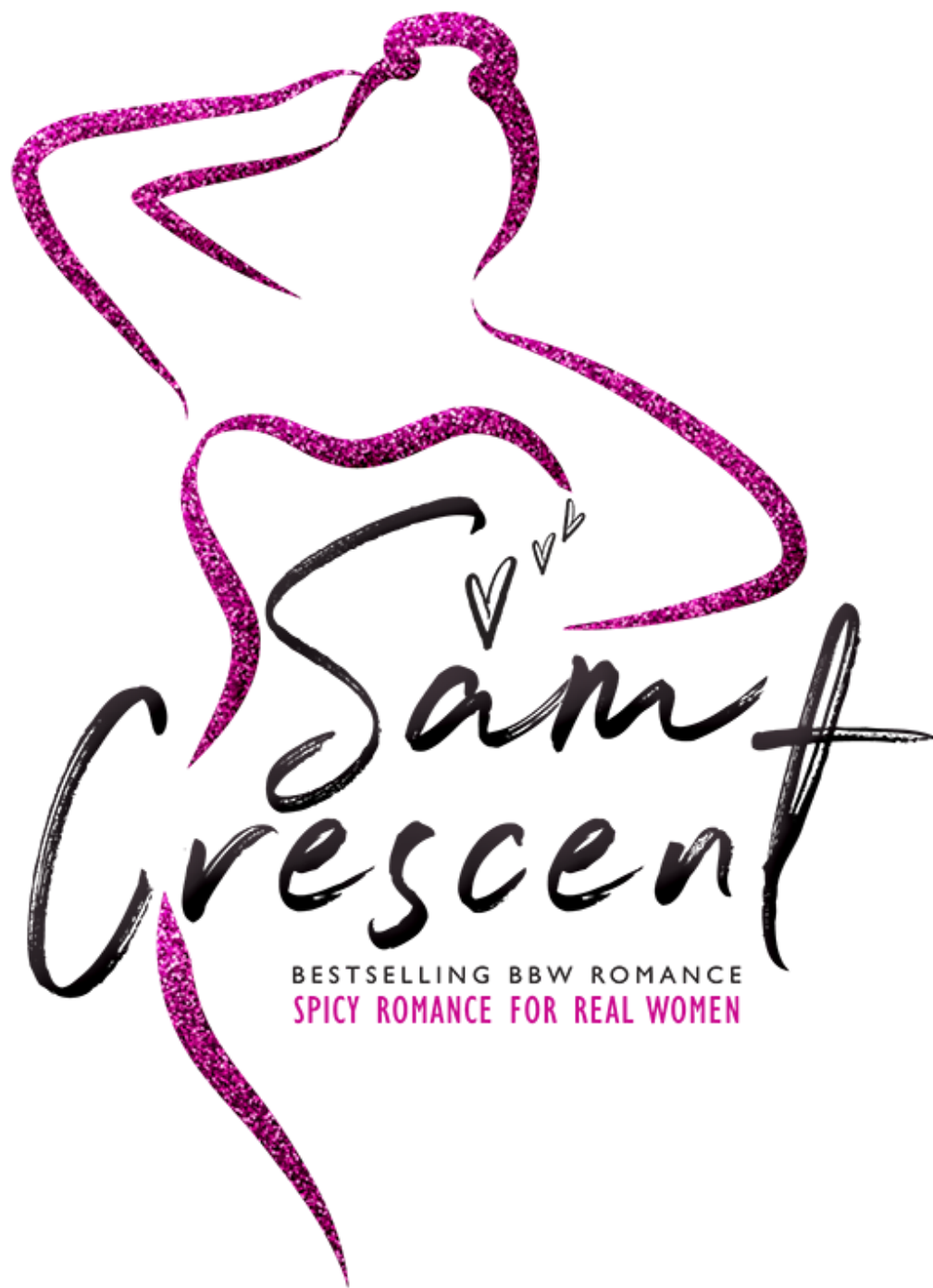
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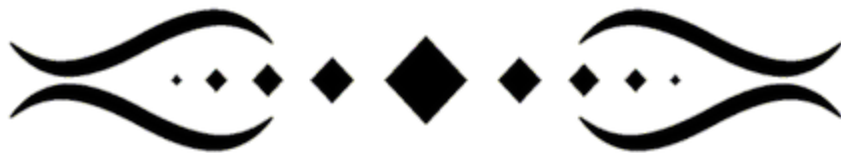
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## **BONUS SAMPLE CHAPTER**

# **BIKER BULLY**

**Sam Crescent**

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### **Sample Chapter**

Chloe Decker sat on the park bench outside of school, waiting for her father to pick her up. She didn't know why she bothered waiting for him. It wasn't like he ever showed up on time. More often than not, he forgot, but that's what she got all the time from her dad. Her father, Kurt, was none other than a Satan's Crew MC lackey. They would never give him prospect status. Whenever she was near any of the MC club members, she always heard the lingering insults of "coward" thrown his way.

She tried hard to spend as little time as possible around the club. It helped that her mother didn't like it and would often avoid the family gatherings her father kept trying to pull them into.

"Look at it, if it's not fatty Chloe sitting on the bench. I bet the wood will bend and snap."

Chloe stared down at her book. She didn't need to look up to see it was Alfie Pace and his other MC brat goonies who were near her. They

liked to take their time making her life a misery, and she had no doubt it was because of who her father was.

Ignoring them was easy. Most of the time they moved on, but not today.

Today she had a banana skin thrown at her, and she groaned, getting off the bench. She didn't need to wait for her dad. He was supposed to be taking her out to get new boots, but she'd rather walk home than have to put up with this kind of crap.

"What's the matter, fatty? Don't want to eat it? Shouldn't a fatty eat everything that's thrown at her?"

Forcing herself to look up, she stared into Alfie's sharp blue eyes. She hated this guy more than anything else in the world. For as long as she could remember, he'd been mean to her. He never had a nice thing to say to her, and part of her often wondered if he thought he was better than she was.

His father, Eagle, was the president of the Satan's Crew MC, and he was a merciless bastard. She'd seen him hit his son a few times. One of the first times she saw Alfie, he'd been thrown across his father's knee and spanked so hard. He'd screamed the clubhouse down until he finally apologized for whatever misdemeanor he'd done.

When she'd asked her father later that night what could have possibly earned such a harsh punishment, she'd been told "club stuff."

Which probably meant her father didn't have a clue what was going on either, but he liked to pretend he had a place.

She didn't say anything, but she'd have to pass them to make her way home. The last thing she wanted to do was get anywhere near those guys.

There was no way she was going to be able to avoid it.

Heart racing, she stepped on the path and began to walk toward them.

"Whoa, be careful, the ground is shaking," Ian said.

"Look at everything wobble while she moves. Be careful. She's going to eat you," Riley said.

There were only two other guys with Alfie, so she should really count herself lucky.

When she was only a couple of steps away from him, she stopped.

"Seriously? That's all you got? You're going to bully me on my weight or how about my looks next? You think I haven't heard this all

before? You guys are pathetic,” she said.

She spent way too much time trying to get along, pretending they weren’t horrible people, but she was done being nice.

She was done being the girl that allowed them to get away with shit. Tonight was the last night she ever trusted her father to actually pick her up and take her to get boots. Once her mother heard what happened, there would be fucking hell to pay, but until then, Chloe was pissed off, angry, and just wanted someone to scream at.

Why go and throw herself on her bed and allow the pillow to take the blame when she had three men standing right in front of her? They weren’t men.

Throwing her bag to the ground, she let her book fall on top of it and stared straight at the men. Her hands shook with rage, and she felt a sickness in the back of her throat as if she wanted to throw up, but she didn’t back down.

“Go on. What else have you got to throw at me? Or better yet, why not use me as a punching bag? I hear dickless assholes like to do that, so you must be all for punching a girl. How about it, Ian?”

“What the fuck?” Ian asked.

She had always taken their shit without causing any waves. Sure, they’d thrown her into her lockers, or shoved her over desks, or even tripped her.

All the bullying bullshit they liked to do, she’d taken.

She’d even had the tampons fall out of her locker, and it was all courtesy of a club whore spilling the details of Chloe’s first period. Alfie had taken it upon himself to let the whole school know she was menstruating.

Never in all of her life had she been so embarrassed. She’d never trusted the club whore again, and in fact, unless it was with her own mother, she never spoke to anyone. At the earliest opportunity she wanted out of Satan’s Croft, living far away from any small town or MC.

She had a life plan, and this place wasn’t part of it. Her mother, who she loved more than anything, loved her and had told her to fly. To find her dream, and just go for it. To never look back and allow anyone to take her dreams from her.

“You’re fucking crazy,” Ian said.

“I am, or maybe I’m sick and tired of the same old shit. ‘Chloe’s fat. Look the earth is moving because she’s so fucking fat it has to move’!” She yelled the last words, tired of the same old bullshit.

These boys, they were not men. To even call them men was an insult to the opposite sex.

She also wouldn’t ever trust her dad again. Not ever. This was the last time he humiliated her.

She wouldn’t put it past him to actually be having a drink with Eagle, or trying to work his way into the good graces of the club. That was the kind of man he was. He’d fucked up years ago, and rather than accept it, he did nothing but try to get back into the club by any means possible. The truth was, no one was ever going to accept him. They didn’t want him back because he was a total fuck up.

The club lived by two values, trust and loyalty. She knew it extended out to other traits, but those were the two main words she always saw and heard with the guys. The women knew it as well, the old ladies and club whores. With her father running away years ago when times got tough, or something like that, he’d permanently cemented himself in the category of “hanger-on.” She hated it.

The men treated him as lesser of a being, and she had to sit back and watch it tear him apart. Not to mention her mother.

“You’re fucking crazy,” Riley said.

“Am I? Come on. You’re such big, tough men. Bring it. I’m tired of this bullshit. You want to throw stuff at me, fine. You want to push me against lockers, hurt me. Then do it right in front of my face. Let me see you be the big, tough men you claim to be.” She stepped up to them and slammed her hands against Riley’s chest. She didn’t know which one had thrown the skin, and she really, *really* didn’t care.

Pain filled her body, but it wasn’t physical. This kind of pain was something she couldn’t control. She could only stare in the faces of those around her.

She was tired of being second best to the club, but more than that, she was fed up of these guys getting to her. This was her last year of high school, and she wouldn’t allow them to hurt her.

“Don’t put your fucking hands on me.” Riley shoved her hard, but she only went back a step.

Flicking her long blonde hair over her shoulder, she used her entire body, and rammed him hard in the abdomen, and Riley went tumbling. Hand clenched into a fist, she struck out at Ian, who looked positively shocked by her.

Next she turned to Alfie, who merely smirked at her.

"You think I'm not going to hit you because you're a girl."

"I'm counting on it," she said.

This guy was on her shit list, would always be on her shit list, and right now, she was sick of him. She hated him with every single fiber of her being.

She'd never considered herself a violent person until this very moment, and knowing it was because of him, it made her angry at herself.

She should just grab her stuff and leave, but they'd thrown a rotten banana skin at her. She deserved better.

Not once had she ever fucked with them, or taken her anger out on any of them. She didn't beg for their attention the way her father did.

There were plenty of girls already throwing themselves at them, and she wasn't going to be one of them.

"What's the matter, princess?" he asked.

"Leave me alone."

"You see, my two buddies are winded. Are you giving up? A coward like your father."

"I'm not a coward." She stepped up to Alfie, but unlike with Ian and Riley, she didn't know how to play this hand with him.

He'd hated her for a long time, far longer than she had him.

Taking a deep breath, she waited, one, two, three, wondering what she should do. In the back of her mind she saw the boy screaming, begging for his father to stop as he got his ass smacked. It wasn't the first time she'd seen Eagle hit his son, and she had no doubt it wouldn't be the last, but right now, at this very moment, she didn't want anything to do with more violence.

Glancing away from Alfie, she saw what she'd done.

She'd actually attacked them. Feeling shame flood her body, she shook her head. No, no more.

"You know what? You're not worth it. None of you are." She reached out to grab her bag. "I'm not doing this."

She went to walk away, but suddenly her bag was yanked from her hands and she was thrown to the ground, and Alfie on top of her.

"You think you're better than us, is that it? You think you can throw your weight around, act all tough and when it suits you walk away? You touched two of my boys. Two of the club, and you will fucking pay."

"You're not even president yet. You're not patched in members. Not even prospects. I'm not touching the club. I'm touching their property. You're nothing more than property."

"And you think you're not? You think with your father sniffing around my father's ass all the time, you're not club property? You are. He can use you and discard you whenever he sees fit."

"Get off me."

"Or what? What are you going to do? I don't see any problems happening here. I'm just a guy putting you in your place. You think anyone's going to stop me? This town is full of cowards. The club, we're the ones that rule it, not you."

"Fuck you."

"No, but I get a feeling you really want to fuck me, Chloe. You want me to slide my dick in that fat cunt of yours. Show you what a man can do. I can make your dreams come true. Blow your freaking mind, but first, you've got to give me something that I want."

"Go to hell."

"Nah." He let go of one of her hands, but kept both of them locked above her head. The other, he stroked down her arm and got so dangerously close to her breast. This had never happened to her before.

The bullying had never extended to this scary realm of danger. The way he touched her, she didn't like it.

Nor did she like the smile on his face that told her he was loving just how uncomfortable he was making her.

"Get off me."

"Not a chance. You think you can go around putting your hands on the Satan's Crew MC. You've got another think coming, bitch. We own you. You think you're above the club, but your ass belongs to us. Every single inch of it." He pressed his pelvis against hers, and it scared her.

He was hard.

She'd never been with a guy before, but the threat was there and with no one around, it terrified her.

They'd never gone this far.

*You've never lashed out.*

"Let me go, please," she said.

He squeezed her breast, and she closed her eyes, wanting to be anywhere else but here. "You're going to learn the error of your ways, Chloe. You can't fuck with the club like you did today and not expect to get burned."

"Get your hands off my daughter."

They both looked up to see Lily, her mother, arms folded, as she stood outside of her car. She wore a pair of jeans, a plain white shirt, and she looked deadly.

"Mrs. Decker," Alfie said, a smile to his lips.

"Drop the act. Get off my daughter now, or do you want me to report this to your father?" Lily asked. "I didn't think so. Get off."

Alfie gave her wrists a squeeze, letting her know without saying a word, this wasn't over. They were going to come to blows again, and probably soon. But for now, she was safe, or as safe as she could be.

Scrambling to her feet, she grabbed her bags, knowing she had fucked up tonight. She should have walked away without a backward glance, allowed them to push her, call her names, shove her. Do whatever they wanted but not attack.

By attacking, she'd given them the perfect ammunition to hurt her, to strike at her, and she wasn't going to let that happen again.

Rushing to her mother's car, she climbed in the passenger seat.

There were a few seconds more stare off between her mother and Alfie before she finally got in the car.

Chloe noticed her hands shaking and quickly sat on them. Lily, though, she looked calm and collected.

Chloe had been so lost in the moment with Alfie, she'd not even heard her mother drive up to them.

"Your father's not going to hear the end of this," Lily said. "I'm tired of his bullshit."

"You don't have to worry about it, Mom," she said. "Please, don't say anything."

Lily glanced over at her. "You don't want me to say anything about that club brat doing stuff to you?"

"No. It's fine. You know it'll only make it worse."

"I don't care. Alfie thinks because of who his father is, he's above the law."

"Isn't he? If it was a cop driving past, they'd just keep on going."

She noticed her mother clenched her fingers around the steering wheel.

"It's the way it is in Satan's Croft. We can't do anything about it," Chloe said. "You know that."

"It doesn't make it right. Fuck!" Her mother slammed her fist against the steering wheel. "I'm so sorry, sweetheart."

"I'm fine. Really."

"Really? Your father didn't come and get you. You need new boots, and you're fine. No, you know what, I'm done with this bullshit." Right there in the middle of the street, her mother spun the car around.

"Mom, what are you doing?" Chloe asked.

"Something I should have done a long time ago." Lily pressed her foot on the gas, and Chloe's heart raced.

She felt sick to her stomach as she realized exactly where they were going. They drove past Alfie, Ian, and Riley, and she tried to avoid looking at them, but failed.

Her cheeks were on fire, and her breast felt scorched from Alfie's hand on it.

She had to put that memory away.

Nothing good could come from reporting him, and most likely, no one would believe her anyway. That was how this town worked. They made up their own rules to suit themselves, and everyone else, regardless of if it was right or not, had to fall in line.

"Mom, I know you're being a badass and all, but you're kind of scaring me."

"Good. I mean, no, it's not good that you're afraid. I don't want to scare you. Believe me, sweetie, I don't. But I'm sick and tired of all this bullshit with them all the time. It's time for me to stand up, and I'm going to. They don't own us, and we don't owe them anything. We're not going to allow them to come between us and our family." Lily nodded her head.

Again, Chloe looked at her mother's hands.

They weren't shaking at all.

Lily Decker was normally a calm, collected person. She was sweet, caring, nice, hardworking, and she put up with a great deal. The woman before her right now looked ready to chop men into little pieces and hide them in walls. Maybe a little exaggeration, but not by much.

The closer they got to the clubhouse, the more her nerves picked up speed. This wasn't what she wanted to do, or to happen. She was terrified of what this could mean. Her mother was a fierce woman, protective, loving. It was why Chloe tried so hard in school, to make her mother proud.

When it came to her father, she put in as much effort as he did into their relationship, the bare minimum. She knew her mother and father fought repeatedly about the same old stuff. There was never any break in their arguing, and it was always about one thing. Her father's need to be accepted by the club was a constant heartache to her mother.

It was driving a wedge between them all.

By the time Lily pulled up into the parking lot, Chloe felt sick to her stomach. Men and women were making out. Most of them had leather cuts on, and the women, well, she was lucky they at least wore underwear.

Her hands shook as she followed Lily into the main house. The scent of smoke and alcohol was heavy in the air.

People turned and watched Lily though.

Chloe noticed her mother was a beauty with her blonde hair. Most of the time she wasn't on a mission, and out of all of the club whores and wives, Lily got the most respect from the members.

Even Eagle respected Lily.

She had no idea why, but it was always there, especially as they walked up to his booth. Kurt was there, and there was a brunette straddling Eagle's lap, who he quickly pushed away when he saw Lily.

Did Eagle have a thing for her mother? She doubted it.

"Lily, baby, you made it," Kurt said, getting to his feet.

"I made it. Think really hard right now, Kurt. Where were you supposed to be?" Lily asked.

Silence fell in the club as they all took in the scene.

As far as Chloe was concerned, Lily had never caused a scene. She'd never overreacted to anyone. Again, her mother was known as a sweetheart.

"Baby? Why are you so angry?" Kurt tried to stroke Lily's arms, but she wasn't having any of it. She shoved him hard, much in the same way Chloe had Ian and Riley.

"You don't even remember?" Lily stepped to the side, grabbing Chloe's hand.

Her cheeks were on fire as people took them in. This wasn't what she wanted. This was bad news.

She hated it when people looked at her, and now, she wished she'd stayed in the car far, far away from this mess.

"Does our daughter ring any bells? You promised me you'd pick her up. That you'd take her for some new boots, and instead I got a call telling me that your son and his little boyfriends were bullying her, again!" Lily pointed at Eagle before returning her hands to her hips. "And yet, you're here. Again. Why am I not surprised? When are you going to realize they don't want you here, Kurt? They see you as nothing more than a coward, and you're still hanging around. Still hoping to be a patched in member. Instead of spending time with your family. With us, who love you no matter what, but you're here again, and not helping me." Her mother's voice croaked, and Chloe squeezed her hand, offering her some comfort. She adored her mother more than anything.

"Lily, I apologize on behalf of my son," Eagle said.

"No, I don't want to hear you apologize. I want you to keep that boy and his friends away from my daughter." She turned to Kurt. "We're done."

Chloe's mouth opened in shock.

They were done. Her parents were done.

Lily took the wedding band off. "I'm going to call my lawyer."

"Lil, babe, come on, you're overreacting."

"No, I'm not. I've been waiting for you to see your senses for the last eighteen years, and I'm tired of being second best. I deserve more. I deserve better, and it's not you. Don't come home. It's in my name anyway."

She handed the ring back, and taking Chloe with her, walked right out of the silent club.

Chloe couldn't believe what had just happened. Her mother had ended things very publicly with her father.

Climbing into the car, Lily pulled out of the clubhouse. Chloe glanced behind her to see Kurt running out, trying to chase them.

“Don’t look back, honey.”

“Mom, you don’t have to do this.”

“I do. I’m tired of being lied to. I’m tired of relying on a man who can never love me back as much as I love him. Sometimes in life, you’ve got to learn to just walk away. I’m walking away. The best thing Kurt gave me was you. I’ll always treasure you, my darling daughter.” Lily grabbed her hand, locking their fingers together. “We can always count on each other. Now, let’s go and get you some boots.”

She knew her mother was upset, and breaking apart inside.

Her parents had been sweethearts, and had gotten married at a young age, even before she got pregnant.

Resting her head on her mother’s shoulder, she knew Lily would be crying tonight, alone.

She should have just walked home.

\*\*\*\*\*

Arriving at the clubhouse, Alfie knew shit had hit the fan. There was a tension that he’d not seen for a long time. The Satan’s Crew MC wasn’t a well-liked club and they had a lot of enemies, but none of them had ever defeated the club.

His father, Eagle, was a force to be reckoned with.

“What’s going on?” he asked, Betty, one of the club whores, or at least he thought that was her name.

“Kurt’s wife just divorced his ass. She came in calling him on his shit. Putting the club first and well, you better get out of the way, Alfie. She told him about your bullying of her little girl. Eagle’s not happy.”

“Alfie, get in here,” Eagle said.

*Shit!*

He’d been warned by his father several times not to touch Lily’s daughter. It wasn’t like he went out of his way to hurt Chloe, but she was always fucking there, and he was tired of it. Also, she wasn’t even a club girl, or any relation to the club. Her father was a fucking loser, so why did he have to treat Chloe any better? The only reason Eagle and the club brothers put up with Kurt was because he’d become an easy target for all of them. No one liked him, but they liked to humiliate him. There was nothing Kurt wouldn’t do. Be it clean the floors, or even lick a brother’s boot.

Alfie had seen him in several compromising positions, all in the name of trying to earn back his reputation within the club.

Personally, he thought the guy should have given up, and he'd asked Eagle about it some time ago.

*"Son, when it matters most, he'll run. Sure, he's good to lick shit off your boot and entertain you, but I don't need a man who can make me laugh. I need a man who'll take a bullet for me without batting an eye."*

Since then, he'd never had respect for Kurt. By extension, he'd never liked Chloe either.

Standing in front of his father, he saw the anger simmering beneath the surface.

"Get in my office, now!"

Alfie walked past his father and stumbled as he was shoved hard. It wasn't the first time that had happened, and it wouldn't be the last.

Deep down, he knew his father loved him. One day he'd take over the Satan's Crew Mc, and to do that, he couldn't be soft.

Eagle had to show to the rest of the club he was a man. A man they could all trust, as otherwise, he'd be tossed out on his ass.

Ian and Riley didn't follow. They weren't allowed.

Alfie held himself perfectly still, arms by his sides, waiting for his father.

He'd not intended to hurt or bully Chloe tonight. He'd seen her on the school bench, bag to one side, book in hand, but it had been Ian who threw the banana and Riley who called her names. He never disobeyed his father, and when given the order to stop bullying her, he had. Sure, he couldn't be held responsible for stopping his friends, or other guys. He watched them push her into doors, lockers, trip her up, throw stuff at her.

She was the school punching bag.

Seconds passed.

Then minutes.

He felt like he'd been waiting for hours before his father finally showed up.

"I can't believe I'm having this fucking conversation with you again." Eagle walked in and slapped him around the back of the head.

"Hey," Alfie said. "I didn't do nothing."

"Then why did I have to listen to Lily here less than two hours ago? You hurting her girl. Do I need to remind you what it means to disobey me?" Eagle asked.

"Why does it matter to you?" Alfie asked. "Chloe's a fat, fucking loser. No one likes her."

"She's a sweet girl. Regardless of her weight. I'm not asking you to fuck her. Am I?" Eagle glared at him.

"She's just a girl. Why does it matter to you?" he asked.

"Are you questioning me?" Eagle stepped right up in front of him.

Alfie wasn't afraid.

His father wouldn't kill him.

Sure, he'd have to take a beating, but it was being on the end of this man's fist that had made him the man he was.

"No, sir," he said.

"You stay away from Chloe Decker. I don't want no trouble coming to Lily. You hear me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Now get out. Tell that to your two boyfriends as well. I don't want to hear a single complaint from that girl."

"Did Chloe tattle on us?" Alfie asked.

"No. Her mother caught you, and don't even think of lying. Lily's got no reason to lie."

"Is she going to be your new club whore or something?"

He should have expected the slap across the face. It was hard, and the metallic taste of blood filled his mouth.

"You're going to learn to have some respect, boy. I taught you better than that. No disrespect. Get the fuck out before I take my belt to you."

Leaving his father's office, he didn't even have to nod for Ian and Riley to follow.

They made their way out of the clubhouse, around the back, and down to the creek. There was a small lake about a mile off the clubhouse.

He opened the gate, closing it behind him.

One of the club brothers had ended up drowning in the lake, so his father had no choice but to put a metal fence around a couple of feet before the lake.

"You okay?" Ian asked.

“Peachy.”

“You don’t look it. Sorry, you don’t,” Riley said.

“You’ve got to stay away from Chloe. All of us do. It’s an order from Eagle.”

“Wow, is Lily already banging his ass?” Ian asked.

“I wouldn’t go around asking those kinds of questions. He’s likely to whoop your ass as well,” Alfie said.

“So, we just let her go? I figured being the daughter of a coward, and after tonight, I’m not letting her get away with her shit. She thinks she’s better than us, so I think it’s only fair we bring her down a peg or ten,” Ian said.

“Not going to happen.” Alfie wasn’t interested in getting a beat down from his dad in any way, shape, or form.

He was done with all the bullshit it entailed, and just wanted to get through the last year of high school so he could start prospecting for real, and earning his place within the club.

“You know, we don’t *have* to bully her,” Riley said.

“Can’t you guys just let it quit already? We’re not going to win this, and I don’t want to be on the wrong side of my dad, okay?” He looked at Ian and Riley.

They didn’t look convinced.

“You two fuckers are really not going to let this go, are you?” he asked.

“Why should we?” Ian asked. “I’ve got the perfect way to make that little slut pay, and believe me, you’re going to want in on the action.”

End of sample chapter

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